HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY



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and
THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN
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NEW YORK'S MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN

The latest portrait of John Bigelow, taken last week with his granddaughter, Lucy Bigelow Dodge, on the occasion of the formal opening of the New York Public Library, when he delivered a memorable address. Mr. Bigelow—diplomat, historian, journalist, and the most venerable of living Democrats—is now in his ninety-fourth year

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Comment

Anent Arizona and New Mexico

THE House took a sensible course with Arizona and New Mexico. In fact, it took what was about the only sensible course to be found. An enabling act having been passed long ago, and both Territories having complied with its provisions, they were entitled to admission unless something in their Constitutions made them ineligible. It is agreed that their Constitutions are "republican in form." The only objection to Arizona's is that it provides for the recall of judges; the only objection to New Mexico's is that it lacks a proper provision for amendments. The House has accordingly approved both, but with the proviso that the people of Arizona shall have a separate vote on the matter of the recall of judges, and that the people of New Mexico shall have a separate vote on a proper section concerning amendments. To have gone any farther would have been to go too far. Doubtless a majority of the House strongly objects to the recall of judges. So do we, for that matter. So does President TAFT. But any State now in the Union that wants the recall of judges can have it. Arizona's neighbor, Oregon, already has it. If Arizona were forced to give it up in order to get into the Union, she could nevertheless adopt it immediately after admission. It is, therefore, illogical to keep her out because of it. But it is reasonable and just to ascertain, before finally admitting her, whether or not her people really want it by giving them a chance to reject it without at the same time rejecting the whole Constitution of which it is a part.

The House and the Senate

The very competent Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post,* Mr. E. G. LOWRY, makes the point that in these special-session days the House of Representatives has been getting back some of the prestige which in the last few decades it had lost to the Senate. We are not sure that Brother LOWRY is quite right in the historical part of his observation. It is not merely within the last twenty years or so that the Senate has had the advantage over the House in the matter of their relative importance and power in the final shaping of legislation. That was pretty distinctly the case as far back as five or six decades ago. During the fifties, after the North had got an ascendency in the House, the forces of the two sections were still evenly balanced in the Senate. That made the Senate the real battle-ground in the great fight over slavery, which dominated everything. The decisive controversies were there; and there were to be found the protagonists in the struggle—SUMNER and DOUGLAS, CHASE and DAVIS, SEWARD and SOULE, and the rest. Earlier still, in the days of the great triumvirate, CLAY, WEBSTER, and CALHOUN, we should also say that the Senate played a greater part in legislation and in politics than the House did, and got more of the public's attention.

But we agree with the contemporaneous part of Brother LOWRY's remark. We seem to be hearing decidedly more of the House and its debates and leaders, and less of the Senate and its doings, than a year ago or ten years ago. One reason is obvious: the House has been doing a lot, and doing it well, while the Senate has been doing nothing, and doing it badly—in a manner decidedly slovenly and perfunctory. But the relative willingness of the two Houses to do things has not usually been the measure of their relative importance. The reverse has oftener seemed to be the case. The Senate has often got the advantage by being the harder place to get bills through. In order to get bills passed at all, the House has yielded on points of difference.

The main causes of the present revival of the House seem to us to be two. Since the last election, it correctly represents the will and mood of the country, and the Senate does not. Partly because of the last election, but mainly because of the insurgent revolt of last session, individual ability in the House, which was long stifled and suppressed, is getting a better chance to show itself, and consequently we begin to observe it. The House is gaining in prestige and power because it is at once freer and more representative than it has been.

Premier and President

The two men who bid fair to get the most glory out of reciprocity are LAURIER and TAFT; and it is only just that this should be so. Secretary KNOX and the Canadian commissioners should share in the credit. So should CHAMP CLARK and OSCAR UNDERWOOD, and so should Mr. McCALL, who led the Republicans who supported it. But the main responsibility for the policy rests on the shoulders of the American President and the Canadian Premier. They will be blamed if the policy is finally condemned. They must have the chief praise if it is finally approved. They not only took the initiative, but they have both pressed the fight with courage, firmness, and good sense. Last week, Mr. LAURIER again showed his good sense by his admirable speech at the dinner of the colonial premiers in London. In denying the danger of annexation he did not fall into the error of professing any other than the most friendly and neighborly sentiments toward this country. On the contrary, he eloquently rejoiced in the fact that the long boundary line, although he desires it to continue, has not on either side of it a fortress, a soldier, or a gun. President TAFT has repeatedly struck the same note. An English Tory paper tried hard to work itself into a rage over an alleged impropriety in his reference to the system of colonial preferences, but the effort fell exceedingly flat. In both countries the leadership in this matter has been statesmanlike and fine.

Bryan and Wool

Mr. BRYAN quickly disposed of the report that he had quarreled with Speaker CLARK and Mr. UNDERWOOD over free wool by saying that of course he is in favor of free wool, but that he is not particular whether it is freed at one clip or by degrees. That fairly expresses the Democratic notion. But the degree method is best.

The Southern Democrats and Protection

We remarked not long ago that the fight in North Carolina for Senator SIMMONS's seat promised to be worth watching. That promise has been considerably enlarged. Only two candidates were then recognized—SIMMONS and Governor KITCHIN. Now, although the election is still over a year away, the candidates are four. They are also the four leading figures in the State's Democracy, and among them they succeed in representing about all the shades of Democracy there are in the South. SIMMONS stands for the so-called conservative element, which really means the protectionist element. The most salient fact in his record is his vote against free lumber, notwithstanding the free-lumber plank in his party's national platform; but there are a good many very similar votes to be taken along with that one. KITCHIN at first bade fair to be the sole representative of the more thoroughgoing school. He was accounted a progressive, if not indeed a radical. But his radicalism looks mild beside that of Chief-Justice WALTER CLARK, who was the third man to enter the race. CLARK came to his seat mainly in consequence of the Populist wave which swept over the South a decade or so ago, and most people still find it impossible to distinguish his views from Populism. According to the Charlotte *Observer,* he is about the only judge in the country who disrelishes the theory that the courts can declare laws unconstitutional. He wants the Federal district judges elected by the people of their districts, and he demands the recall in language which would seem to consent to applying it to the bench. If his people want a radical in the Senate they can be sure of their wish by electing him. Former Governor AYCOCK, on the other hand, who is the fourth candidate, offers no platform other than that which his party in the State and nation has already announced. His is the candidacy which will probably appeal most strongly to those who think that Democracy has a permanent meaning.

The result ought to help to clear things up in more States than one. There is much protection sentiment in North Carolina, and there are big industries that demand protection and know how to get themselves represented. Will they be able to keep their present strong hold on the Democratic party, or will they be driven into the Republican party, where they belong? That question must be answered right, in North Carolina and other States, if the present uprising against protection is not to be brought to naught, like the last one. If in 1912 the Democrats get control of the Senate, their margin will not be large. They cannot afford to take the risk by sending thither a single man whose record permits distrust.

Trumpets for a Candidate

Pearson's Magazine prints a very nice picture of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. The mouth is firm as the rock of Gibraltar, and the eyes pierce one through and through. Underneath is a poem by Mr. EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER. It opens with the comforting assurance that "in the West shall our new Freedom rise." In fact—

> "Has risen. Hark! The waking land replies
> To trumpets, trumpets, trumpets, while the East,
> Upstarting from her Babylonian feast,
> Reels sodden to her towers and hears the cries."

The trumpets heralded the approach of Brother HEARST just as he sailed to help Special-Ambassador HAMMOND with his social duties in London. Nevertheless—

> "Son of the advancing West, though round thy sword
> Flashing in daily lightning through the States,
> Mammon makes head with all her barking Hates,
> Drive out the spoilers."

Then, after a while—

> "When the land is free,
> Time, that knows neither spite nor flattery,
> Justly will mete thy service with reward."

The hope, we suspect, is that the land will be free by the time the Democrats meet in national convention. Meanwhile there is nothing for the effete East to do but to keep on reeling sodden.

Lorimer and Lumber

The Attorney-General has undertaken to see whether the lumber trust is an illegal combination. The Senate finds itself again practically forced to inquire whether LORIMER was properly elected to his seat. The two inquiries are bound to be associated in the public mind. Also, they both have a bearing on the present struggle to get the government of this country out of the hands of the big interests which have been using it for business purposes. It seems pretty clear that somebody thought it worth while to spend a lot of money to send LORIMER to the Senate. It is also pretty clear that the lumber trust likes both LORIMER and protection. It has spent money in the fight to keep lumber off the free list. It is accused of spending money to elect LORIMER, and to keep him in his seat when his title was assailed. Neither LORIMER nor the lumber trust should be condemned without a fair trial by the proper tribunal. Trial by newspaper will not suffice. But the country will not rest until it is satisfied that the proper tribunals have gone to the limit of their powers to get at the truth. The proper tribunal for one case is the Supreme Court; for the other, the Senate. The court will do its work patiently, thoroughly. The Senate has had one try at its job already, and rather made a mess of it. It can now have a second; but the country will not be very patient if it makes a mess of this one also.

Why, Indeed?

Why shouldn't stand-pat Republican editors oppose the nomination of WOODROW WILSON? Their reasons for doing so are sufficiently obvious. So perceives the Troy *Press:*

> For President—not WOODROW WILSON!—*Leslie's Weekly.*
>
> Editor JOHN A. SLEICHER of *Leslie's Weekly* bears about the same relationship to the Republican party that Editor GEORGE HARVEY of HARPER'S WEEKLY does to the Democratic. Each editor may be classified as a member of the conservative rather than the cantankerous element in his party. Governor WILSON is Colonel HARVEY's candidate; he exhibited formidability by redeeming a Republican State, and great executive ability by carrying out a daring and difficult programme in defiance of the opposition of the organization leaders of his own party. Indeed, he is recognized throughout the United States to-day as a scholar and statesman of the foremost rank, and one in thorough touch with the predominant spirit of the

times. Perhaps no competitor better represents the popular purpose and sentimental impulse of the people than WOODROW WILSON. Whether his views are sound or otherwise, they meet with a hearty response in the minds of the masses, and in the event of his nomination this fact would put Republican success in great jeopardy.

Mr. SLEICHER is anxious for Republican success, and consequently he does not want the Democrats to make WOODROW WILSON their standard-bearer. His protest is partisan but intelligent, for he is keen enough to see that myriads of nominal Republican voters would find little difficulty in voting for a gentleman of such high character, wide renown, and remarkable achievement. All Republicans whose first desire is to perpetuate the power of their party will share Mr. SLEICHER'S antipathy to a WILSON candidacy.

Obviously, however, this is no reason why the Democrats should not run WOODROW WILSON for President. They want a winner to head the national ticket next year.

Which again gives rise to the pregnant query, Why name a loser?

The Federal Machine in Tennessee

The Tennessee Senate wants the President of the United States, the Civil Service Commission, and the Civil Service Reform League to investigate the behavior of the Federal officeholders in that State. Such is the purport of a resolution which comes to us duly certified by the secretary of the Senate, and which appears also to have gone to the President and the other parties named, as well as to the Tennessee papers. We do not expect to see any investigation undertaken, but the subject would not be a bad one to investigate, particularly if the other Southern States were included. According to the *Whereas* of the resolution, what aroused the ire of the Tennessee legislators was a meeting of the Republican State Committee which was said to have endorsed the action of a large part of the Legislature in running away from Nashville and from the State in order to break a quorum. At that meeting fifteen of the twenty members of the committee were, it is stated, either Federal officeholders or represented by Federal officeholders, the postmasters, as usual, predominating. Really, however, Tennessee is not in this respect entitled to preeminence. There are other Southern States in which the Republican committees and conventions show a larger proportion of officeholders than three-fourths. Tennessee has more Republicans than Federal offices. Tennessee usually elects one or two Republicans to Congress, and even has at present a Republican Governor. We believe that on several occasions in the past the Tennessee Republicans not in office have actually made a fight against the officeholding machine. Compared with the conditions in States like Alabama and Mississippi, Tennessee's opposition party looks almost real. However, in the next Republican national convention the votes from Alabama and Mississippi will have just as much force and value as those from Tennessee—or those from New York.

The New Library

New York's new public library was opened last week.

It is splendid.

We shall soon wonder how the city got along so long without it, so sure it is to make for itself a great place in the city life.

After all, some things work out right. Go look at that library and take courage about the subways.

Kingdom or Democracy—or Both?

Another LLOYD-GEORGE budget is before Parliament, and it contains another innovation, for it proposes an appropriation to pay salaries to members of the House of Commons. It is a big innovation, and there will be a fight over it, but no such fight as there was over the first LLOYD-GEORGE budget, which the Lords so long rejected. The triumph of that epochal measure has been complete. Apparently the principle of the tax on increments in land values is fully accepted as an integral part of the fiscal system of the empire. It has worked well in practice; that is what makes it secure. Notwithstanding the added expense of old-age pensions and invalid and unemployed insurance, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE announces a surplus, and would devote a large part of it to the warfare against tuberculosis. Radical financiering has succeeded so well that it adds strength to all the other radical proposals, including the payment of members of the House and the curtailing of the power of the Lords. It is no wonder that Mr. ASQUITH and the other Liberal leaders are getting more and more in the habit of calling England a democracy. What else can one call a government which commits itself so freely to policies which still seem, even to many of us here in America, little short of socialistic?

Yet all the world is streaming toward London to witness a gorgeous coronation! And the spectacle will be, to the last degree, stately and moving. Nothing will be omitted that can add grace to royalty or make authority imposing. No precedent will be forgotten, no observance relaxed, no pomp neglected. The great capital and the gray Abbey will be invested with the awe of all their mighty past. Men's hearts will thrill with memories of the long story of a hundred kings; men's heads will bow in solemn reverence to the Lord's anointed.

M. AULARD, the learned historian of the French Revolution, has found that in the theorizing that came before the outbreak there was talk of such a thing as "a democratic monarchy." Is not England realizing that ideal?

Pardon Refused

The President's refusal to pardon WALSH and MORSE, convicted bankers serving sentences in prison, may be useful in helping others besides these men to readjust their notion of what is lawful in business. Speaking of WALSH's case, the President said:

> In the mad rush for wealth in the last few decades the line between profit from legitimate business and improper gain from undue use of trust control over other people's property and money has sometimes been dimmed, and the interest of society requires that whenever opportunity offers those charged with the enforcement of the law should emphasize the distinction between honest business and dishonest breaches of trust.

No harshness to the convicted men is shown by the President. His aim has evidently been to record his opinion that they were justly convicted of crimes that must be recognized and understood to be crimes. MORSE, he says, significantly, may apply for pardon again after January, 1, 1913, when he shall have served three years of his fifteen-year sentence. WALSH will have served two-thirds of his time, and be eligible for release on parole after next September.

Taxation of Inheritances in New York

Under the present laws in this State the rates of taxation of inheritances are:

DIRECT

$5,000	exempt	
5,000	to $25,000	one per cent.
25,000	to 100,000	two per cent.
100,000	to 500,000	three per cent.
500,000	to 1,000,000	four per cent.
1,000,000	and over	five per cent.

COLLATERAL

$100	exempt	
100	to $25,000	five per cent.
25,000	to 100,000	ten per cent.
100,000	to 500,000	fifteen per cent.
500,000	to 1,000,000	twenty per cent.
1,000,000	and over	twenty-five per cent.

A bill is now before the Legislature to change these rates and make them read:

DIRECT

$5,000	exempt	
5,000	to $25,000	one per cent.
25,000	to 250,000	two per cent.
250,000	to 2,000,000	three per cent.
2,000,000	to 10,000,000	four per cent.
10,000,000	and over	five per cent.

COLLATERAL

$1,000	exempt	
1,000	to $50,000	five per cent.
50,000	to 250,000	six per cent.
500,000	to 1,000,000	seven per cent.
1,000,000	to 10,000,000	eight per cent.
10,000,000	to 20,000,000	twelve per cent.
20,000,000	and over	fifteen per cent.

It is argued that the rates suggested will yield more revenue from inheritances than the rates now in force, and that they are the highest rates that can be maintained without driving property out of the State. The *Times* reported last week, on the strength of information obtained from banks and trust companies, that since the existing law of inheritance taxation went into effect last July, property subject to it had been taken out of the State at the rate of forty million dollars a month. That means removal of $400,000,000 of taxable property, and the movement still goes on.

The American Churches

A number of great church conventions, assembling almost simultaneously, have forcibly reminded us all of the great part which organized Christianity continues to play in the life of this Republic. Naturally, the newspapers have stressed only those parts of their proceedings which could be made to appear sensational or otherwise treated distinctly as news. Thus of the Unitarians at Boston, we learn that a great number wanted to "church" Senator FLETCHER of Florida because he voted for LORIMER; of the Northern Presbyterians at Atlantic City we gather from the headlines that they listened to a fierce attack on the morals of Washington, D. C.; of the Southern Presbyterians at Louisville we are told that they considered a new statement concerning the fate of infants who die in infancy—a topic that has been more or less exciting for a good many centuries. But the steady effectiveness of these great bodies in our civilization does not manifest itself in their occasional animadversions on specific public questions, nor is it to be found in their occasional contributions to the history of doctrine. It follows channels that are quieter and deeper. The churches have, unquestionably, a powerful influence on our politics, but they exercise that influence mainly in ways that are not at all political. They affect our public life through our private lives—through the standards of morality which they impose upon individuals. Fancy one of our great cities, or one of our States, entirely without churches of any sort, and then try to conceive what its politics would be like! There are among us plenty of people quite without church ties of any sort, but probably not many even of those would like to trust themselves to a social order in which there should be no churches and no substitutes for them. The separation of church and state was a wise thing, and it has proved a great blessing. But the interdependence of church and state, their co-operation in the work of civilization, in the guardianship of morals, in the advancement of human welfare—that is a different matter. It has not been destroyed, and we fail to discern any marked disposition to destroy it.

A Query

Startling! The Queen cut Mrs. ASTOR in Hyde Park:. At least so the papers say. Also:

> The contrast in the costumes of the two ladies was most striking.

More so, we wonder, than in their looks?

Must Have Both

Country life is being examined nowadays with a good deal of candor, and with considerable leaning toward the conclusion that people turn toward the cities, not so much because their hearts are hard and their inclinations evil, as because the cities on the whole offer more attractive and improving conditions of life. Here's the *Evening Post* saying in the course of a column-long discussion of town and country:

> Take it all in all, the inhabitant of the modern city has no cause to blush before his rural neighbor. The tradition of bucolic virtue goes back to the golden age; but it is a long way back to the golden age. . . . The tradition of rural superiority has persisted in face of the truth accepted by historians and sociologists that progress—if progress be a virtue—has always had its citadel in the large cities.

And from Vermont there comes in the St. Alban's *Messenger* the reflection that

> Loneliness, constant living without much obligation to do for others or to put up with what others do or have a right to do, will breed selfishness in any man of any stock, unless he be a saint. . . . While the city has its own due proportion of crime and vice, there is something of a restraint to the passions of men that comes from dwelling in the multitude under the constant surveillance of the many, and forced day and night to "give and take" in the petty annoyances or the serious sorrows that the crowd forever experiences and doubtless forever will.

All that is true enough. It takes first-class people to live active and progressive lives in the country. But, on the other hand, cities are not good for young children in summer, and for some children not good at any time.

The problem is to make the cities more like the country and the country more like the cities. Both need improving; both are improved by the constant swapping of population back and forth. The country is the nursery of life; the city is its school. A great people cannot thrive without both. A family that can afford it will hold on to both, and very many American families do. Our great family, the nation, must manage to maintain in high quality both of these forms of life.

Lucky to Get Off So Easy

If Uncle Justice HARLAN had had his slipper with him, his eight young colleagues might have had still more to think about. And it would have been perpendicular thinking, too.

In Propria Persona

As one turns from the old literature to the books of the day one is startled by the loss of a species. In the days when DANTE and CHAUCER wrote, aye, all along the ages up to the last half-century, there was always a meek and passive creature attendant on man; one who existed solely in the light of his countenance; as he, for God, so she was for him created. She lived upon his smiles and at his bidding; she pined when he was wrathful, but survived without murmuring in the dark until the light of his favor shone upon her once more, when she emerged and blossomed anew. If her lord cast her aside, pretended to marry another woman, and to have killed her children, she bore his will as we bear Heaven's; and when, finally, he calls her again and tells her that it is all pretense, and that he has merely made her suffer to find what stuff she was made of, she swoons with delight, embraces her restored children, and, Walter, the husband in the case,

"hir doth so faithfully plesaunce
That it was daynté for to see the cheere
Betwixt hem two."

Almost the only way of that past species to win freedom was to die; then, like BEATRICE, it might cease to be a shadow and become a guiding spirit, although still a rather passive spirit. Then, indeed, woman might appear to her lord as

"a lady round whom splendours move
In homage; till, by the great light thereof
Abashed, the pilgrim spirit stands at gaze."

There were undoubtedly periods in history, notably during the Renaissance, in France, Italy, and England, and in the *Sturm und Drang* period of Germany, when this shadowy creature was praised and loved, provided, as LORENZO the Magnificent says, "she possess, humanly speaking, the highest perfection." She may win that rare kind of love which is for one and for always, provided "there be met together in her, besides physical beauty, a lofty intelligence, modest and refined habits and ways, elegant mien and manners, suavity in address and winning speech, love, constancy, and faith." It were unfair, of course, to demand how many of these qualifications LORENZO and his contemporaries could bring as their share to the banquet. It was men who were active inventing standards for women, and one does not down those ages hear even a whisper of the feminine voice setting the standards for men. The poor, silent souls were too crushed to murmur. When now and then the feminine voice is heard it is in imitation. MARGARET of Navarre tells seventy-two tales, but her subject matter and manner are both derivative. On the other hand, men never wearied prescribing woman's duties and obligations, accomplishments, and physical endowments. FIRENZUOLA describes these last with minute precision. To be a lady worthy to be loved "Her hair should be a soft yellow, inclining to brown; the forehead just twice as broad as high; skin transparent, not dead white; eyebrows dark, silky, most strongly marked in the middle, and shading off toward the ears and nose; the white of the eye faintly touched with blue, the iris not actually black, but soft deep brown; the eyelids white and marked with almost invisible tiny red veins; the hollow round the eye of the same color as the cheek; the ear of a medium size, with a stronger color in the winding than in the even parts, with an edge of the transparent ruddiness of the pomegranate; the nose to recede gently and uniformly in the direction of the eyes; where the cartilege ceases there may be a slight elevation, but not so marked as to make the nose appear aquiline; the lower part to be less strongly colored than the ears, but not of a chilly whiteness, and the middle partition above the lips to be lightly tinted with red; the mouth smallish, neither projecting to a point nor quite flat, with lips not too thin, and fitting neatly together; except in speaking or talking never more than six upper teeth should be displayed," etc., etc.

But, undoubtedly, the passive sex fared better at the hands of the French and Italians than with the Germans. At least the Renaissance essayists and poets had a care for the fine-ladyism of their subjects. They wished to preserve the beauty, they welcomed the intelligence of the unspeaking half-humanity, and, perhaps, the few ladies fortunate enough to be wealthy, beautiful, and intelligent had as happy a fate as may befall a mortal.

It is in LUTHER that one finds the sex most brutally regarded. Like the present Emperor he maintained that there were but three spheres where a woman might safely move—*Kirche, Küche, Kindersaal.* If she died under the weight of the heavy household drudgery, "let her die, then, doing her duty," says LUTHER, baldly. Even GOETHE with his "Ewig Weibliche zieht uns an" demanded little of women except that they be passive and sympathetic listeners, and that they let him go on to the next new ideal without making too violent an effort to hold him.

Just how the men of other ages approved of having their women ("their," used advisedly) feel and speak may always be derived from the novelists who endowed their heroines with the proper emotions. Pamela, RICHARDSON'S charming heroine, having successfully resisted the pursuit and temptations of Mr. Williams, on the morning of her marriage to him, speaks of him thus: "My good, dear master, my kind friend, my generous benefactor, my worthy protector, and oh, all the good words in one, my affectionate husband that is soon to be—(be curbed in, my proud heart; know thyself, and be conscious of thy unworthiness!)—has just left me with the kindest, tenderest expressions and gentlest behavior that ever blest a happy maiden." During the interview with the husband to be, she says: "Your condescensions and kindness shall, if possible, embolden me to look up to you without that sweet terror that must confound poor, bashful maidens on such an occasion."

When, however, the modern woman begins to speak in her own person, the tone changes, gradually, indeed, but radically. When JANE AUSTEN describes the proposal of the Rev. Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice* there is a distinct whiff of malicious humor in her handling of the self-satisfied gentleman. Elizabeth's attitude is no longer that of the bashful maiden bidding her proud heart curb itself. Jane Eyre, though somewhat meek from the standpoint of the modern woman, was capable of resentment on occasion, as when she stands up to Rochester when he announces his approaching marriage, and says: "Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton—a machine without feelings?—and can bear to have my morsel of bread snatched from my lips and my drop of living water dashed from my cup? Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong! I have as much soul as you—and full as much heart!" GRISELDA in the fourteenth century never in her wildest moments dreamed of so replying to her lord and master. But when women seized the reins of speech and decided *in propria persona* to explain themselves to a listening world they changed many things. It is to be noted in this last passage that Jane proclaims herself little and plain, and apparently she does not care if she is. She still feels that despite a disadvantageous appearance she may have a heart and soul of some account. No man novelist had ever dared an ugly heroine. Ugly heroes, to be sure, had abounded—Cyranos and Falstaffs. No novelist would have claimed that a man to be loved must have the stature and face of Apollo, but the demand upon heroines to be beautiful and small or tall and willowy, as fashion dictated, was relentless. But once CHARLOTTE BRONTE made a stand for ugly heroines, they became quite popular, and many women writers have introduced heroines of questionable appearance and advanced views. GEORGE ELIOT'S Maggie was ugly all the first half of the book, and only occasionally brilliant and handsome in the second. She was also capable of lecturing her lover soundly on the abstract virtues at his most impassioned moments.

A recent very clever and very sincere novel by a woman is entitled *The Legacy; a Story of a Woman*, and throughout the book the woman is described as cool-hearted and cool-headed. All the early Victorian élan toward a suitor is extinguished. The frailities and absurdities of men touch this new heroine with "a chilly and acrid amusement." There is something very sophisticated and modern in this new type of women. But perhaps we may hope out of the sudden shifting of rôles a more thorough knowledge of truth and reality may be gained. And only upon truth and reality can any satisfactory relation between men and women be founded.

Correspondence

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT IN CITIES

BERKELEY, CAL., *April 29, 1911.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I notice in your number of April 22d a letter of extreme scepticism concerning the commission plan of government. As one who knows the system well, I feel that I cannot do other than correct such an erroneous impression.

The business of a city is largely administrative, and the need of a city is not so much for a large deliberative body to determine broad lines of policy as for a small body which acts. A few men devoting their entire time to administrate to the city's needs will govern far more efficiently than a mayor and a bicameral legislative body consisting of men who are busy with their own affairs and who meet only once or twice a month. Concentration of responsibility develops efficiency.

But the factors which make the commission plan so admirable and successful are the initiative, referendum, and recall. With these weapons, it is the fault of the people themselves if bossism and grafting creep into the government. By these provisions the people can enact laws regardless of the will of the council, can repeal vicious laws passed by the council, and can remove any public official who proves unworthy of the position he holds. Furthermore, the system which did most to develop and make possible bossism, the ward system, is eliminated under the commission plan. A city with the commission plan will never develop a Ruef or a Cox. To argue against the commission plan is to argue against democracy. I am, sir,

E. K. S.

PISTOLS AND THE CONSTITUTION

NEW YORK, *May 15, 1911.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The introduction into the Legislature at Albany of a measure making it a felony to possess a pistol without a license reminds me that I have procrastinated too long in procuring one of these household implements, which, when good citizens shall have been placed at a disadvantage, will become indispensable. But before I procure a license for my weapon I shall require to be shown either that I am not a "freeman" or that a statute of the State of New York can supersede the Constitution of the United States, which is quite explicit upon this subject.

Is it not a commentary upon our disrespect for our own institutions that lawmakers should flout the constitutional provisions of their country so contemptuously? I confess that the occurrence of fifty preventable murders in a single year seems preferable to me rather than that the Constitution should be brought into contempt. And in these days constitutional amendments are not impossible of attainment.

Still, I suppose those of us who favor constitutional government should remain thankful that we have not yet been "eugenicized," like our neighbors across the Hudson. I am, sir,

F. J. R. CAELUM.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

VICTORY, GA., *April 20, 1911.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I wrote you some time since sending you copy of Kentucky Reminiscences referred to by inclosed clipping from Savannah *Daily Press*. As there was reference to an editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY, June 8, 1861—fifty years ago—that was a reply to my boyhood letter (referred to in the reminiscences), I thought the matter might be of some interest to the present editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY as it was to the former editor, George William Curtis.

I am, sir,

JOHN TEVIS HEARN.

Mr. Hearn's reminiscences include the story of his writing as a boy to HARPER'S WEEKLY in 1861, taking it to task for the change in its sentiments toward the South which followed secession and the firing on Fort Sumter. He says: "Of course I supposed the letter would go to the waste basket, but to my great surprise there appeared from the great man controling HARPER'S WEEKLY a column editorial replying to my letter. Mr. Curtis evidently supposed he was replying to some Kentucky politician who, however, needed some instruction. The editorial was headed, 'An Amiable Friend.' In accounting for the paper's sudden change Mr. Curtis asked, 'Has our amiable friend heard that Fort Sumter has been fired upon?' and a number of other questions of like nature. I have always thought I had the best of the great editor and was not convinced by his lengthy editorial."

Mr. Hearn's memories of the Kentucky of his youth begin with George D. Prentice, and include among others John and Robert Breckinridge, Dr. Waller, Milburn, the blind preacher, Proctor Knott, Henry Watterson of course, John Hanrahan, and a young Republican lawyer in Frankfort long ago, John M. Harlan.—EDITOR.

Mr. Bonehead Pshaw

(In a pungent interview tells all the things he doesn't like about America.—*Daily Paper.*)

"I DO not like Americaw,"
Said famous Mr. Bonehead Pshaw.
"Your literary taste is rough—
You buy so much of my poor stuff,
With now and then a silly run
On guff by Gilly Chesterton,
Who never had a new idee
Until he tried to tackle me,
And failed at that. 'Tis very odd—
Why do men write of Me and God,
Essaying subjects far too great
For any ordinary pate?

"Your manners from my point of view
Are really very rotten too.
You seem to think that it is right
To try to be at least polite,
Whereas I teach my Pshavian Class
The Man Polite's a Super-Ass!
Am I polite? God save the day
When any one can truly say
That I have shown myself inclined
To ways of Chesterfieldian kind.
Give me the Elemental Raw
In Etiquette," quoth Bonehead Pshaw.

"You strike me as a vulgar crowd.
You're blatant, noisy, pushing, loud.
You haven't that rich blatancy
The careful student finds in *me*—
A blatancy so Super-blate
That it becomes a virtuous trait.
As for your push, and noise, the style
You folks indulge in all the while
Is but the sort of push and noise
We get from lawless-minded boys.
You're vulgar by no Settled Law
As I am," quoth great Bonehead Pshaw.

"You have a saying false but trite
That Good is Good, and Right is Right,
Whereas the facts are otherwise,
As no Astigmatist denies
Who joins me in my Pshavian song,
'THERE IS NO GOOD, AND RIGHT IS WRONG.'
All virtue really is a sin,
And only Weaklings laurels win;
And every Sage, whate'er his school,
Is nothing but a Super-Fool!"
'Twas then at last, alas! I saw
The truth about this Bonehead Pshaw!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



A GALLERY OF GOLF ENTHUSIASTS

III.—JOHN D.

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

The Supreme Court Speaks

By Edward G. Lowry

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



NATURALLY the decision of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case has been the single overshadowing event of the last fortnight in Washington. Nothing else has been talked about; nothing else has been thought about. The course of the House Democrats, the fate of Canadian reciprocity, the character of the tariff-revision bills as affecting the woolen and cotton schedules, the demoralization and disorganization of the Republicans in the Senate, the investigations of the nine executive departments of the Federal government, and all the other topics of consideration, discussion, and debate which have been uppermost since the present extraordinary session began—all these faded swiftly into the background. They were wiped out of mind by the superior and engrossing interest of the decision in one of the "Trust Cases."

All of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States are important to somebody. All of them pronounce the final word of organized society on the rights, activities, or liberties of some individual or group of individuals. No authority in our government as it is framed and conducted has inherent in it such a degree of might, majesty, dominion, and power. Within its jurisdiction this great tribunal speaks with a finality that has not been given the President or the Congress. Yet the great body of its decisions and opinions are known intelligently and thoroughly to comparatively few persons in the United States. The bulk of its findings and decisions do not attract the general attention or receive the widespread publicity that are daily accorded to the acts of the Chief Magistrate and of the two branches of Congress.

Every now and then, however, there comes before the Court some question for final decision or some problem for final solving which affects the national fabric of business affairs or the course of the government, and which commands country-wide attention. The whole people of the United States then await in suspense the decision and opinion of the Court. Students of government find no clearer and stronger indication of our capacity for self-government than the ready acceptance by the people of the decisions of the Supreme Court. One of the stock and prized anecdotes about the Court illustrates this point. It relates to a young lawyer who was very earnestly pleading to establish a point before the Court. While he was still in the full course of his appeal one of the justices leaned over the bench and interjected crisply:

"But that is not the law."

The young lawyer was abashed, but only for a moment before retorting, "It was the law until the Court spoke." The sum of our attitude toward the Court has never been better exemplified.

President Taft has himself illustrated this attitude. In a special message on the interstate commerce and anti-trust laws communicated to the two Houses of Congress on January 7, 1910, Mr. Taft had said among other things: "Now the public, and especially the business public, are to rid themselves of the idea that such a distinction [as between 'good trusts' and 'bad trusts' or as between 'reasonable' restraint of trade and 'unreasonable' restraint of trade] is practicable or can be introduced into the statute. Certainly, under the present anti-trust law no such distinction exists. It has been proposed, however, that the word 'reasonable' should be made a part of the statute, and then that it should be left to the Court to say what is a reasonable restraint of trade, what is a reasonable suppression of competition, what is a reasonable monopoly. I venture to think that this is to put into the hands of the Court a power impossible to exercise on any consistent principle which will insure the uniformity of decision essential to just judgment. It is to thrust upon the Court a burden that they have no precedents to enable them to carry, and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster."

The Supreme Court, as is now well known, took an opposing view in the Standard Oil opinion as rendered by Chief-Justice White, and only Justice Harlan dissented from it. A group of persons so large as to be called fairly a throng went to the White House on the day following the delivery of the Court's decision, and sought audience with President Taft. Each of them had equipped himself with a copy of the message containing this paragraph. They all wanted some comment from Mr. Taft. What did the President say? Let me quote the current accounts in the newspapers, which I know to be trustworthy: "When it was called to the President's attention that in his message to Congress of January 7, 1910, he expressed doubt of the practicability of defining 'good' and 'bad' trusts, he said that whatever had been his opinions he abandoned them when the Supreme Court spoke.

"The President would not discuss the decision at all. He directed the attention of some of his callers to the fact that before a decision is handed down by the Supreme Court every one is entitled to have his personal views of the matter, but that after the decision has been rendered it is the law of the land and every law-abiding citizen is bound to bow to it.

"The President told callers, in reply to questions, that a man might hold views of his own before a decision had been rendered by the Court, but after the Court had handed down its opinion it was the part of the law-abiding citizen to accept it. The President added that he was glad to bow to the decision of the Court, and would be the last man to express opposing views."

To go back over a comparatively brief period of years, the decisions of the Supreme Court have been awaited with country-wide suspense and attention in the so-called Insular cases, the determination of the validity of an income tax, and the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company. None of these cases, however, caused the markets and the whole industrial and commercial world to pause more perceptibly than have the cases of the Government against the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company. They came to be known simply as the Trust Cases. For months the financial markets have virtually stood still awaiting their settlement.

Curious scenes have been enacted both here at Washington and in New York on many recent Mondays, when the Supreme Court was handing down decisions. On several Mondays that will be particularly recalled, reports coming out of nowhere and based on nothing that "the decisions are coming down to-day," would receive the most complete credence. The tiny chamber in which the Court sits would be crowded on these days to its capacity. The facilities for long-distance telephone communication out of Washington would be taxed to the extreme of their capacity. The telephone and telegraph wires would be held "open" for hours while the Court was sitting, so that when the decisions were delivered they might be flashed instantly to the utmost extremes of the world's markets. On these days, reports would be sent out from New York and other financial centers of motionless markets, and of brokers and traders hanging over the ticker awaiting news from Washington. Notwithstanding one disappointment after another, the manifest and pressing anxiety did not decrease.

The general expectation had been that the decisions in the two Trust cases would be delivered on the same day. But late on the afternoon of May 15th the decision in the Standard Oil case was read, leaving the Tobacco Trust case pending until a future day. One of the largest crowds that had gathered since the Court's opinion began to be expected assembled in the court-room to hear the decision handed down. The Court lived up to its traditions of not being dramatic or assisting in building up a climax. It was at the end of a long day and after many decisions had been rendered by the associate justices that Chief-Justice White, flicking on the electric reading light before him, read in his lazy, half-distinct voice a few unimportant orders and refusals to consider cases because of want of jurisdiction, and then said almost casually: "And I have also to announce the opinion of the Court in No. 398, the United States against the Standard Oil Company."

There was a scuffle and a quickly suppressed moment of restrained disorder near the doorway as half a dozen men dashed to the waiting telephone and telegraph wires. The crowded court-room pricked up its ears and began to listen with all its might. Chief-Justice White had a printed text of the decision before him, but following his usual custom spoke from memory of its contents. Sometimes he could be heard by the intent listeners, and sometimes he could not. He did not seem greatly to care whether or not his words were audible. The whole day in the court had been wearisome, though interesting because of the contagious feeling that the decisions were sure to come down. Twenty minutes before the Court met at noon the little chamber was crowded to its capacity. In the space reserved for the bar probably twenty-five or thirty men were standing who could not find seats. The unreserved seats, and the seats reserved for friends of the justices of the Court, were packed. A long queue of people waited outside of the door. It was noted that the wives and women-folk of nearly all of the justices were in the chamber. From this circumstance the inference was drawn early in the day that at least one of the Trust decisions would be handed down. This feeling was strengthened when Justice Lamar began to deliver the opinion in the Gompers case as soon as the Court met. For two hours not a person left the court-room, until the Court took a recess from 2 until 2.30 for luncheon. The crowd included nearly a score of Senators, members of the Cabinet, and lawyers of country-wide reputation.

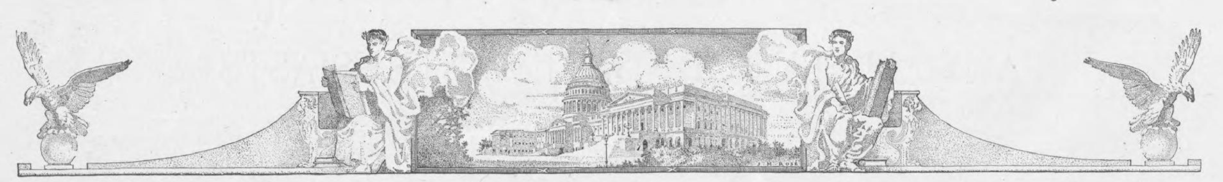
When the Court reconvened at 2.30 o'clock the chamber was not so crowded, but when, at about 4.10 o'clock, Chief-Justice White began to deliver the Standard Oil opinion, the news quickly spread through the Capitol and crowds of privileged and unprivileged persons began to besiege the doors. In a little while the chamber was as crowded as at any time during the morning. The auditors stayed until Justice Harlan delivered his dissent, and until the Court adjourned for the day.

Oddly enough, the decision itself occasioned virtually no surprise and provoked not a morsel of comment, but the wording of the opinion which held that the Standard Oil Company was a monopoly in "unreasonable" restraint of trade, and the further declaration of the Court that it must determine for itself the reasonableness and unreasonableness of contracts held to be in restraint of trade, were widely debated and eagerly discussed. Even this point, however, was not the first aspect of the decision and opinion to appeal to the local intelligence. To the Washington mind the Court is a local institution. Its members are known. A great many persons in official life enjoy the most intimate and pleasant social relations with them. Their idiosyncrasies and habits of thought are fairly familiar to a good many persons. Therefore it was that the first manifest expression of feeling here was one of gratification that the decision had been unanimous. Justice Harlan agreed as to the decision, but dissented as to the opinion. It was at once said that the decision was rendered doubly effective by the fact that the Court was not divided. Lawyers in the Cabinet and in the Senate who recalled how the Supreme Court had been divided on the income-tax case, and on other important cases in recent years, and who remembered how the finding of the Court in those cases had been in part nullified, so far as their popular acceptance was concerned, by the circumstance of the division, were particularly glad that the present momentous decision should have come from a unanimous Court. It began to be said at once and anew that in Chief-Justice White Mr. Taft had found a man who is recognized by the members of the Court itself as a real Chief Justice. The technical, professional verdict has been that Mr. White has justified his appointment by displaying the ability to bring the members of the Court to an agreed judgment in this important decision, and in the others nearly as important published on the same day.

Probably this feeling of gratification at the unanimity of the Court was unconsciously strengthened by the dissipation of the fear which has existed for several weeks that the delay in handing down the decision in either of the two Trust cases was due to a division of opinion in the Court. The reargument ordered by the Court was recalled to mind. It was generally assumed at the time, because this reargument was ordered when vacancies existed on the Supreme bench, that the sitting justices were in disagreement among themselves and hesitated to hand down so important a decision from a broken and divided bench. Even after the vacancies were filled and the delay continued several weeks after the decisions were first looked for, this fear of a divided Court reasserted itself.

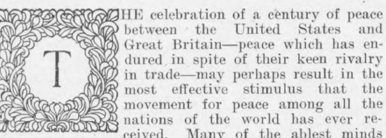
This decision against the Standard Oil Company, which has been awaited with so much impatience and anxiety by the whole business world, and which has been accepted so promptly and so generally as a new guidepost on the path of material and industrial development, comes from a Court which President Taft has virtually remade since his inauguration as President in March, 1909. When Mr. Taft came to the White House the occupants of the nine seats on the Supreme Court bench were Melville Weston Fuller, Chief Justice, aged 76; John Marshall Harlan, aged 76; David Josiah Brewer, aged 62; Edward Douglass White, aged 64; Rufus W. Peckham, aged 71; Joseph McKenna, aged 66; Oliver Wendell Holmes, aged 68; William R. Day, aged 60, and William Henry Moody, aged 56. In the intervening period Mr. Fuller, Mr. Brewer, and Mr. Peckham have died, and Mr. Moody has retired because of a failure of health. The vacancies thus caused were filled by the promotion of Justice White to be Chief Justice, and the appointment of Horace Harmon Lurton, aged 67; Charles Evans Hughes, aged 49; Willis Vandevanter, aged 52; and Joseph Rucker Lamar, aged 54. Justice Harlan, who dissented from the opinion that it should be left with the Court to say what is a reasonable restraint of trade, what is a reasonable suppression of competition, and what is a reasonable monopoly, is the oldest member of the Court. He was 78 years old on the first day of June.

The competent, expert opinion here is that the Court is stronger at this time than at any period in recent years.



No Less Renowned than War

HOW THE CELEBRATION OF ONE CENTURY OF AMITY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND MAY LEAD THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD TO UNIVERSAL PEACE



THE celebration of a century of peace between the United States and Great Britain—peace which has endured in spite of their keen rivalry in trade—may perhaps result in the most effective stimulus that the movement for peace among all the nations of the world has ever received. Many of the ablest minds in America are engaged in a project to mark the centennial of the signing of the treaty of peace at Ghent, on December 24, 1814, with a series of great peace meetings and the dedication of international highways, bridges, etc., a programme of wide-spread and enthusiastic rejoicing among all the English-speaking peoples of the world that cannot fail to awaken new interest in the universal peace movement. The promoters believe that the realization of the fact that the two strongest nations in the world have been able to remain on terms of peace for one hundred years, although at the time of the signing of the treaty there were deep mutual distrust, jealousy, and hatred, and although throughout the century the parties have been relentless rivals in manufacture, commerce, and finance, will do more to persuade mankind of the practical utility of peaceful arbitration than any amount of theorization.

The idea sprang from so many separate sources that it might be described as a spontaneous impulse among both peoples. Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King spoke eloquently of it in an address at the Harvard Commencement two years ago, proposing a celebration limited to the United States and Canada. The first actual step toward organization was begun by a committee in New York City and a committee from the Mohonk conference, of which Senator Theodore E. Burton is chairman. From these beginnings sprang the National Committee for the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of Peace Among English-speaking Peoples. The honorary presidency of the committee would seem to belong to President Taft, but inasmuch as he will have to pass on matters of legislation concerning it he was relieved of embarrassment by the selection of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt for the position. Some of the other honorary members are: ex-Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks, honorary chairman; and Senator Theodore E. Burton, honorary vice-chairman of the executive committee; former Vice-Presidents Levi P. Morton and Adlai E. Stevenson as honorary vice-chairmen, together with all of the Governors of the States, most of the former Governors; Ambassadors Reid, Hill, Dudley, Kerens, O'Brien, Carter, Ide, Wilson, and others of the American diplomatic establishment, besides the American consuls-general to England, France, Germany, Austria, and the consuls to all of the principal cities of Great Britain and her colonies, all of the American consuls in Canada, and, as active members, Andrew Carnegie, the chairman; Albert K. Smiley, of the Mohonk conference, and Edwin Ginn, of Boston, vice-chairmen; and as active members five gentlemen from each State named by the Governors of the respective States; William Jennings Bryan and Alton B. Parker, former nominees for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket; Dr. Luther, of Trinity College; Dean Rogers of Yale; Dr. Shanklin, of Wesleyan; John Barrett, Bureau of American Republics; Associate Justices Day and Lurton, of the United States Supreme Court; former Secretary of State John W. Foster; Samuel Gompers, Congressman Bartholdt, Secretaries Wilson and MacVeagh; Attorney-General Wickersham; General Nelson A. Miles, General Frederick Dent Grant, Theodore Marburg, president of the National Peace Congress; Dr. Northrup of the University of Minnesota; General Bachelder, Master of the National Grange; James, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Michael Cluno, of Syracuse; Dr. Finley, Rev. Dr. Jefferson, Dr. Jowett, Richard C. Ogden, General Horace Porter, Colonel Scott of West Point; Francis Lynde Stetson, John Wanamaker, Colonel A. B. Andrews, Colonel Cameron, General James S. Carr, Joseph Hyde Pratt, of North Carolina; F. H. Ansel, of South Carolina; Jane Addams, Mrs. Donald McLean, New York City; Miss Helena Dudley, Dennison House, Boston, Massachusetts; Mrs. Mary C. Beach, Washington, District of Columbia; Mrs. Elmer Ellsworth Black, New York City; Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Governors Wilson of New Jersey, Baldwin of Connecticut, Kitchin of North Carolina, and Bass of New Hampshire, have taken especial interest in the movement. The Legislatures of New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania have appointed committees to co-operate with the national committee, which, by the way, has now a membership of eight hundred and will have ultimately a membership of ten thousand. John Hays Hammond, special ambassador to the Court of St. James's for the coronation of King George V., will serve as a promoter of the cause in England, while Bernard H. Baker, who gave the hospital ship *Maine* to Great Britain, and William B. Howland will serve in other countries. These representatives will tell our kindred peoples how welcome they will be if they will come to New York this winter to arrange first, for the establishment of an international committee which shall give direction to the preparation for the celebration in 1914–15, and, secondly, which shall have charge of the organization movement throughout the world. It is purposed that through this international committee the various local committees shall keep in touch and co-operate in the general work. There will also be discussed the question as to what such a committee can do aside from the preparation of the programme of celebration for the cause of peace.

While the national committee is composed of private individuals, yet it is hoped that after the international committee is organized the governments of all the English-speaking peoples will co-operate in the celebration.

Many suggestions have been made to the committee as to what should be the nature of the celebration. Among these are:

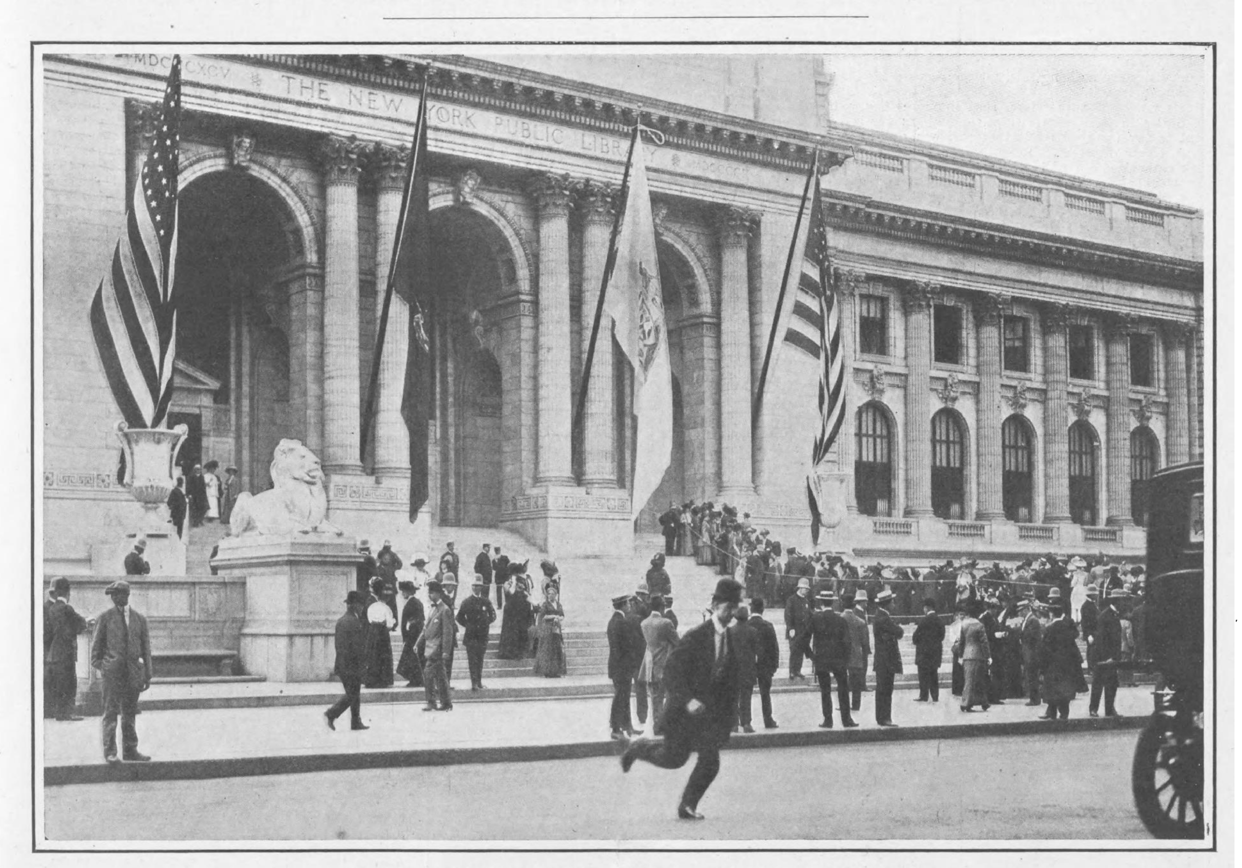
First.—That the celebration shall begin with ceremonial exercises in the City of Ghent, Belgium, on Christmas Eve, 1914, the centenary of the signing of the Ghent treaty.

Second.—That there shall be ceremonial exercises in the capitals of the English-speaking nations—London, Washington, Ottawa, Sydney, etc., etc.

Third.—That various monuments shall be erected and dedicated, among them a memorial bridge across the Niagara gorge. The building of such a bridge as is proposed, that is, a bridge free of toll, would have to be a matter of negotiation with the railroads which have charter rights that must be voluntarily abrogated in order that a free bridge may be built. It is suggested that such a bridge could be erected by the Dominion of Canada and the United States Government, the State of New York, and the Province of Ontario by joint appropriation, and with approaches and ornamentation paid for by popular subscription.

Most important of all is the plan of the committee to invite through the international committee the peoples of all the world to celebrate with America and Great Britain this peace centennial, as a move which would be very distinctly in the direction of a better international understanding than exists at present, and perhaps influence exerted in the direction of a realization of some of the projects now in the attempting—international arbitration treaties among all the nations, international courts of arbitral justice, and, perhaps, opening of negotiations for a limitation of armament.

Above all it is the hope of the committee that nothing will be done by any government which will prevent the celebration from being what it must be in order to result in the greatest good to humanity—a people's celebration by the people and for the people, with the co-operation only of governments.



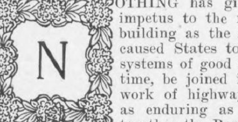
OPENING THE WORLD'S FINEST LIBRARY BUILDING

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE, MAYOR GAYNOR, ARCHBISHOP FARLEY, BISHOP GREER, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED GUESTS, NEW YORK'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, RECOGNIZED AS THE FINEST AND MOST ELABORATELY APPOINTED IN THE WORLD, WAS FORMALLY OPENED TO THE PUBLIC LAST WEEK

The Car and the Highway

HOW THE INCREASING USE OF THE AUTOMOBILE HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR STATE ROADS

By Thaddeus S. Dayton



NOTHING has given so forceful an impetus to the movement for road-building as the automobile. It has caused States to begin constructing systems of good roads which will, in time, be joined into a national network of highways vaster than and as enduring as that which bound together the Roman Empire. As an article of manufacture it has risen to become the fifth in rank of the great industries of the United States. If the manufactures associated with it were added, the total investment would be a sum probably as great as that in any industry of America.

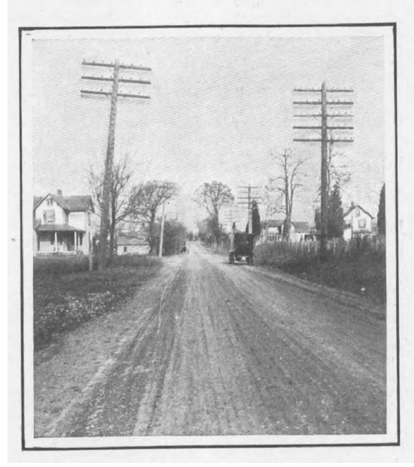
There will be nearly three-quarters of a million automobiles in use in the United States this summer. Next year there will be thousands more, and by the year after that it is possible that about one person out of every seven or eight will own an automobile. Only 55,000 were manufactured in 1908; this year's output will number not less than 250,000.

The aggregate value of the automobiles in use in the United States this year is not far from a billion dollars. Good roads are a necessity to secure their maximum of utility. It is no wonder, therefore, that the movement for better highways is so strong and so wide-spread.

That good roads bring in gold was never so well appreciated in this country as it is to-day. The automobile and good roads combined mean prosperity not only to rural communities, but also to cities. The farmer who owns an automobile can no longer say that he lives four miles from town when the roads are dry and twenty when it rains. Even with an ordinary country road in normally bad condition the farmer with an automobile is three or four times nearer to the market for his produce than he ever was before. A good road brings the market closer yet. Already where long, smooth highways have been constructed the produce of distant farms is being brought to the city in great wagon-trains. Big motor-tractors pick up wagons loaded with grain or vegetables and haul them, in strings of twenty or thirty, to their destination. It has been estimated that the cost of hauling this way is less than four cents per ton per mile; if the loads were drawn by horses the cost would be about twenty-three cents per ton per mile. For taking his milk, and butter, and eggs to town the farmer uses his passenger automobile. No longer does the price of these perishable commodities fluctuate as it used to when the supply was irregular and uncertain. Already the cold-storage warehouses for these commodities are noticing this, for the demand for them is growing less.

It is no wonder, therefore, that in more than half the States in the Union millions of dollars are being spent to-day for good roads that will bring cities and towns closer together. Recently the State of New York authorized a bond issue of $50,000,000 for the improvement of its highways. The counties and townships will spend as much more. In the New England States nearly $5,000,000 has been appropriated lately for interconnecting State highways. A single county in Michigan—that State is the center of the automobile industry—has appropriated $2,000,000 for good roads.

It is becoming more and more evident that the development of a vast and adequate system of highways to meet the requirements of the phenomenal increase in automobile traffic bears no relation to State boundaries, and that the time is not far distant when the Federal government will step in and aid in their construction. There is a bill before Congress for an ocean-to-ocean highway, which shall have a right of way a mile wide. The highway proper is to be 1,430 feet wide. Along this will be roads with a macadam surface, steel tracks for electric cars, steel plate tracks for fast automobiles, and cement ways for motor cars going less than twenty-five miles an hour. It is planned to have this highway follow the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, and to have a commission appointed comprising two representatives from each of the States it traverses. This commission is to send out road-making parties to locate a preliminary route. Another plan which is being strongly advocated contemplates the construction not only of an East and West automobile highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also one from the Lakes to the Gulf. The feeders for these two great trunk lines are to be carefully laid out in each State so that they will form a vast and comprehensive system.



The Washington and Baltimore "pike" at Hyattsville, Maryland

Still another movement for a network of national highways is that which was started in Washington, D. C., not long ago. It is called the American Association for Highway Improvement, and it is said to have the endorsement and the backing of the greatest railroads and industrial corporations in the United States. Its purpose is to secure, by means of the best roads that can be built, quick and easy transportation between communities and cities and the agricultural districts. The enormous business and transportation interests which are back of this plan believe that good roads are the basis of prosperity, and that nothing else will increase the wealth of the people so quickly; also that they will be the greatest agency in distributing and equalizing the population by wiping out the sharp lines between city and country, by re-peopling abandoned farms, and by bringing into cultivation millions of acres which, through their inaccessibility, have not yet been touched by plow or harrow.

Before the day of the automobile the town and country people were almost strangers. They did not realize then that they could have any deep mutual interest in the matter of good roads. The automobile has made them acquainted. It has broken down the barriers of distance, and they have become neighbors and friends.

While the farmers' and the automobilists' interests in better highways do not lie along exactly the same lines, they harmonize closely. The farmers want small local roads over which they can reach the nearest markets; the motorists long trunk roads over which they can tour. With the spreading of automobile transportation—the farmers to-day are among the biggest buyers of motor cars—every one is realizing that the local roads and the great highways are essential parts of the same proposition. Thus the kind of roads that each of these two great classes of the community most desires fit in together.

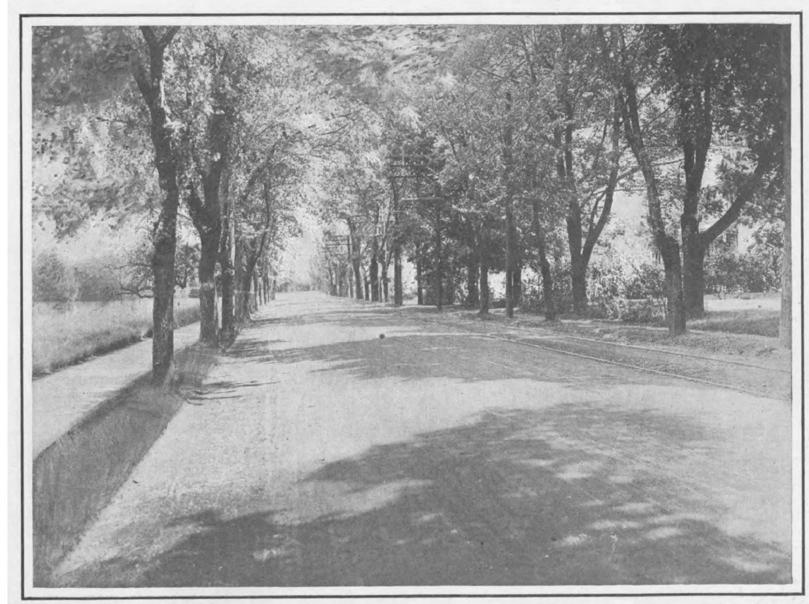
Everywhere to-day city and country are co-operating and working in friendly rivalry for better roads. Automobile associations are contributing considerable sums of money for the improvement of rural highways. These organizations and the motor-car companies are indefatigable in first inspecting and then bringing about improvement in roads between points distant from each other. One Detroit concern sent out a car last April for a three months' tour for this purpose. It traversed fifteen States, and the report which was made covered nearly ten thousand miles of highways of all sorts. It found the condition of the roads in the East better than that of those in the West, but that the Western roads were being improved very rapidly.

More road-building was done throughout the United States in 1910 than in any previous year, and the progress for 1911 will be even greater. State after State has created a department of highways within the past two years, and has made large appropriations for road-building. In most cases plans have been prepared which cover comprehensive systems of highways that it will take some time to complete. Another important feature of this great movement is that the rickety wooden bridges spanning small streams are being replaced by permanent structures of concrete.

The primitive dirt road, that was but a step in advance of the Indian trail, is passing away. Statistics that have been compiled from the work done last year in eleven States give startling evidence of the progress that has been made in the work of building highways that are almost as well constructed as the railroads themselves. In New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the six New England States nearly two thousand miles of new roads were built by State aid in 1910. The percentage of the various types built was as follows: water-bound macadam, 34; bitumen-bound broken stone, 26.8; gravel, 25.6; earth, 5.3; brick, 2.3; other kinds, including concrete, sand-clay, shell, etc., 6.0. Grouping together the first three kinds of roads—modern highways of the most durable character—it will be seen that 86.4 per cent. of all the roads built in these eleven States were of this type.

One of the most remarkable features that the automobile has brought about in the last two years in the construction and maintenance of roads has been the development of the use of bituminous materials. By the employment of asphaltic products or oils roads have been made practically dustless and mudless. Further than that, their durability has been increased enormously. Few people realize that the ordinary macadam road loses about two inches from its surface every summer in the quantity of dust that is created and carried away by the winds. In eight Eastern States, in 1908, bituminous materials were employed in the construction and maintenance of 416,000 square yards of road surface; in 1909 of 7,734,000 square yards, and in 1910 of 18,244,000 square yards. These figures of increase are startling, but those for this year are likely to be even more so. For instance, by the close of the construction season of 1911 the State of New York will have a trunk highway with a bituminous surface extending north from New York City to Albany, and thence west to Buffalo. Its total length will be more than 400 miles.

It is largely the automobile traffic which has brought about these more expensive methods of construction. It has been found by the New York Highway Commissioners that it costs about $2,500 a mile to build a first-class road, but when it is properly constructed it is as permanent as a railway. If it is looked after with ordinary care it will last just as long, and will grow better as it grows older.



A bitumen-bound road at Wellesley, Massachusetts, that is as permanent as a railway



By midnight they will be in the heart of the city

Food for a Cityful

by Edward Hungerford

drawings by Adolph Treidler

FOOD and drink are the two absolute necessities of every community. That rule holds as true for the isolated house upon the wind-swept plain as for the metropolis that numbers its population by the millions and constantly battles with the great problems of congestion. Each must provide for its food and drink. The latter is generally a matter of public administration, the first is always a private problem. You can meet the citizen of almost any upstart town and he will wax eloquent upon its waterworks; probably he can tell you just how many million gallons that new reservoir upon the hill has been built to hold. But if you ask the average city man how the food has reached his table he will be genuinely puzzled for the moment. Perhaps in the next he will grin and prate to you of the excellence of the grocer and the butcher up at the corner. That is all that he knows about it. He knows that to-morrow he is going to be fed, that the day after to-morrow the food will again be awaiting him, and that every day thereafter his body is to have the sustenance it demands.

"But suppose the food supply should stop?" you venture to inquire.

"It never does," is his bland reply; "at least, not so long as I have the wherewithal."

There is your typical city man, frankly admitting his ignorance of one of the world's greatest machines, proclaiming his childlike faith that the machine will never stop. If ever it should cease it would mean the stoppage of all the world's machines—famine—disease—death.

Upon a memorable occasion in New York the supply dwindled for a mere forty-eight hours. A great snowstorm came down upon the city of the brownstone fronts, a mighty wind blew the snow here and there and everywhere. The greatest city on the continent—besides scores of lesser cities, a regiment of towns and villages—was paralyzed by the storm. That was away back in 1888, and yet the memory of that bitter March blizzard still remains. The storm came gently at first. It set the city folk thinking of the good old winter days in the up-country. Then it sharpened itself, turned from a jest to earnest. The bread, the butter, and the milk came not. The little children were hungry and cried pitifully. In a little while the hungry city realized that famine was a tangible thing—not a mere newspaper telegraphic report from far-off India or China, but a thing which made you puzzle how you and yours were going to live. Just as the storm gave New York that bad start, it scurried away again under the warming breath of oncoming spring. But it was a shock to a great city full of folk. For a little time, at least, those folk began to realize the importance of the great food machine.

It is five o'clock in the afternoon. Twilight is settling softly down upon the open country. The sea is hard by, and his frosty breath makes a fog. The homely outlines of farmhouses along a great high-road, the bulk of barns, harvest-filled, the soft tossing plumage of sentinel trees, are ghostlike in the fog. When the sea shall have spent his whim and the fog shall have lifted in the clear majesty of the night, we shall see to the west the dim reflection of many city lights, sharply silhouetting the crisp edge of low-lying hills. Somewhere over those hills the high-road finds its way to town.

Out from the unknown comes life, in the form of slow-moving, ghostly shapes, each a hooded farm-wagon, drawn by two or four staid horses. The horses know their path, and the driver of each wagon is fast asleep—sleeping here on the quiet road, for by midnight they will be in the heart of the city, where trolley-cars and quick-moving automobiles make a man take thought as to his reins.

Sometimes there comes a change in the monotony. Here are old taverns, roadhouses since the first day that the hungry city began to derive its sustenance from the generous country; and here and there is a blocking tollgate, a weather-worn survivor of earlier days, when this turnpike was a plank road, regarded by the countryside as a real engineering feat. To-day they are threatening it, breathing hints of a high-speed trolley line to be laid along its aristocratic length. In that day the Conestoga wagons will probably go. They are already doomed. The motor-truck in the city is a fact to-day—for the handling of heavy loads over country highways it is inevitable.

But this is to-day. And this to-day is like the yesterdays back to the time when the mail-coaches of George, the King, went merrily up and down this road. The night procession of all the market wagons bringing the tribute of the fine market-gardens to the finicky town has not missed once in all that time. To-night, again, the food is going up to the city.

We are on another side of the city from that great high-road. Here is the high-road of this day and generation, a high-road spun for many, many weary miles of shimmering ribbons of steel. Over it the caravans go, at fearful speed, for these are the caravans of steam. The railroad counts as one of its great functions this bringing of the food to town. It sets aside certain officers in its traffic department for the handling of market produce; it provides special facilities for gathering them, special facilities for moving, special terminal facilities for delivering in the heart of the great cities. Sometimes it even goes farther and provides and organizes great wholesale markets, building up its traffic by going as far as possible in facilitating the constant replenishing of the city's larder.

That is why these long dark caravans—the fast preference freights that are the pride of the railroad's traffic head—go so quickly over the rails to town. . . . One of them halts in block for an instant to let a brightly lighted passenger train go in ahead of it. While it is halted we climb aboard and engage its conductor in conversation. He is a clever fellow, of the type of coming railroader. Only last summer I found a freight conductor who was thumbing his *French Revolution* and discussing Carlyle as a stylist.

"Yes, we do bring some food up to town," he admits. "I've got enough grub aboard these eighty cars to feed several regiments. We've two refrigerators of meat from Omaha, two from Kansas City, one from Chicago. The Chicago car has been iced twice—at Elkhart and at Altoona. The other cars had to have an extra filling—there at Hammond on the outskirts of Chicago. Soon we'll have cold weather, and we can cut out the icing.

"The boss? The boss will be worrying still. Just as soon as he can cut down his refrigerating stations at the division yards he'll be fretting about getting those big ice-houses filled for next summer. He's got a lake tucked up in the mountain divisions somewhere, and we've got a branch running in a couple of miles there that we use just to pull out ice during the winter months. Take any of these trunk-lines, and it has to have a lake for its refrigerating stations. That's just one of the many little kinks in running a road."

We express a desire to see the big preference train, and, the block being still set against her, we go forward in the black shadows of the cars, the train boss's arm-set lantern showing our way to us. He stops beside a string of white and yellow box-cars.

"California fruit," he says. "They don't think anything of sending it all the way across the continent. You might have thought those ranchers over there on the Pacific coast would have been discouraged when they were told that there were a dozen icing stations between the two oceans, and that the icing cost was all but prohibitive. They weren't a bit. They just sat down and did some tall thinking, and after a while they developed this type of car. We call it pre-cooled. The car is cleaned and brought to a chill before loading. After that the temperature is not allowed to rise while the fruit is being piled away inside. It is closed and sealed while still icy cold—and icy cold it comes East over three or four thousand miles of track. It may be scorching down there along the S. P., they may be just gasping for air in the Missouri bottoms, but that pre-cooled car comes right along, keeping its cargo fresh and cool and pure. We can deliver it anywhere on the Atlantic seaboard, and no risk of spoiling the stuff."

We move along another half a dozen cars. The conductor halts again; fumbles with his way-bills.

"There's the boy," he laughs. "He's halibut. There's half a dozen halibuts along here in a string."

We do not like to show an utter ignorance of the food question, and we venture an assertion.

"Halibut comes from Newfoundland?" we venture. "How do you get it around here?"

The freighter grins sympathetically at our lack of knowledge.

"Bless you," he says, "that little fishing-pond up there on the banks isn't big enough for a land which has twenty-seven million folks gathered in its cities. These cars have come in from big Jim Hill's road—all the way from Tacoma, up on Puget Sound, State of Washington. Some of those people who live in Boston might have a fit if they knew that their beloved halibut was born and raised in the Pacific Ocean; but that's the truth of the matter.

"This fish—and some of it's going straight to Boston to be sold in the very shade of Faneuil Hall—has come seven thousand miles to be eaten on the shores of the Atlantic. When the fishing ship that caught this cargo was fifty miles off the docks she began calling Tacoma with her wireless. The yardmaster of the Northern Pacific there got the news from that rat-a-tap. He had a string of refrigerator-cars ready—they were set out along the wharf by the time the ship was made fast.

"Five minutes later the fish were being loaded into the cars. They had a gang of stevedores working there, clocklike—like those fellows work around the big tents of a three-ring circus. First there went in a layer of ice, then a layer of fish, then another of ice. In thirty minutes the job was done; in forty-five that string of fish-cars was coming east on an express-train schedule. It was knocked apart at St. Paul and again at Chicago. Here's our share of the spoils, and we're not loafing here on the old main line.

"We're preference freight, if you please, and no old bumpety-bump with coal and ore taking the low-grade tracks. They sandwich us in among the all-Pullmans, even when we're on the four-track divisions, for food is quick stuff. Food won't keep forever, and those folks down in the city are getting hungry."

He starts to say more, but the engine call halts him. The block is clear once again. The conductor catches a car corner, the "preference" starts forward with all the rattling shakes and bumps peculiar to a long freight train. In a minute or two the red tail-lights are grinning at us from half a mile down the track. Another big freight goes scurrying by us—more market stuff, more meat, more fish for the hungry town—a town which houses four thousand folk within a single congested tenement square. A third train follows—all refrigerator-cars it is, too. They come in quick succession—these market trains to the metropolis. The railroad is doing its part. To-night again the food is going up to the city.

The scene changes. Now we are off in the rolling country of up-State—dairy country, if you please. The railroad that stretches its thin black trail the length of the valley is no four-track line, with heavy trains coursing over it every three or four or five or ten minutes. This is but a single-track branch—in the parlance of the railroaders a "jerkwater"—and the coming of its two passenger trains and the way-freight each day are events in the little towns that line it. Still, even this little branch is doing its part in the filling of the city's larder. This branch has the filling of the city baby's milk-bottle as its own particular problem.

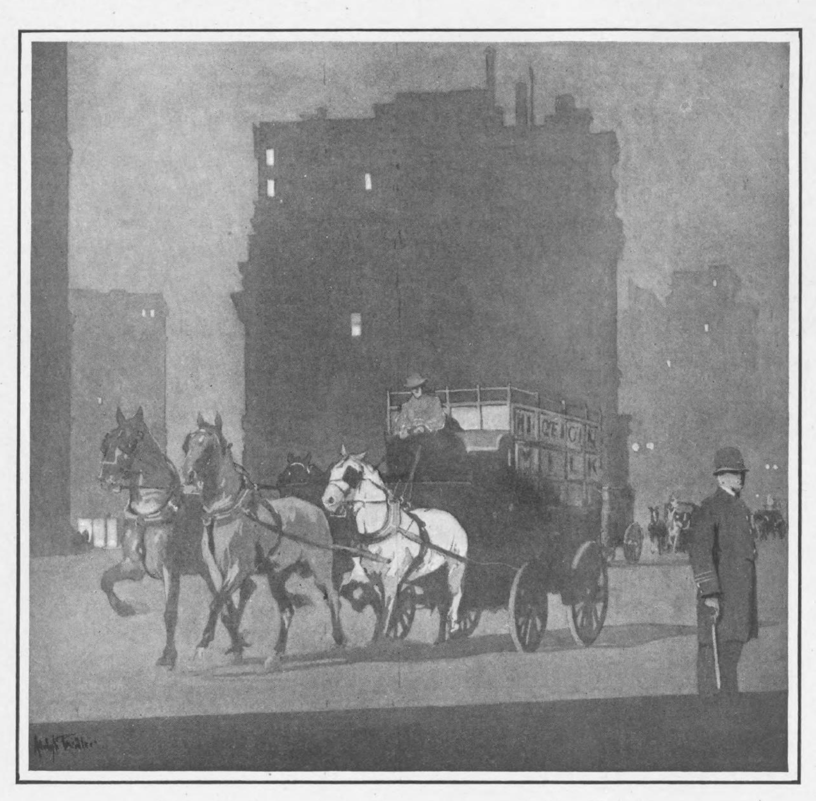
At early dawn the muddy brown roads that lead to the little depot there at the flour mills are alive. The farmer boys are bringing the milk to the railroad. Down the track, a few hundred yards beyond the depot, is the clean new milk-station. Over across the brook is the cheese-factory, deserted and given over to the gentle fingers of decay. Those two buildings tell the story of changing times—in their mute way they tell the growth of the American city.

In other days this township made cheese. To-day they "drive all the milk to the depot." Each morning finds a big refrigerator-car, built in the fashion of passenger equipment, so that it may be handled on passenger trains, at the milk station. The farmer boys are prompt with their milk, it is checked and weighed and placed in the car, in cans and in bottles. Hardly has the last big ten-gallon can gone clattering in before the whistle of the warning local is heard up the line, just beyond the curve at the water tank. While the train is at the station, in all the bustle of the comings and goings at a country station, the

engine makes quick drill movement and picks up the milk-car.

Farther down the line that same train picks up more milk-cars. By the time it reaches the junction where it intersects the main line it is a considerable train for a branch line. Indeed, at the junction there are more milk-cars, from other branches that ramble off into the real back country. There are enough of them now to make a train through to the city. The trainmaster has a good engine ready for every afternoon, and the milk express goes scurrying into town with passenger rights and on passenger schedules. You cannot hurry the babies' milk through to town any too quickly.

This is all first-day milk. You can take a compass, place the pin-leg squarely in the heart of the busy town—a place of brick and asphalt, of steel and concrete, without ever a hint of growing things—and with the pencil-leg trace a circle with a radius of two hundred miles. Afterward you can draw a second circle with a radius of three hundred and fifty miles from the same town center. From within the inner circle comes the first-day milk, delivered to the railroad during the early part of a day and on the householder's table in the big city the next morning. From without this inner circle and within the outer comes the second-day milk, which has another twenty-four hours in its transit to town. The whole thing, once



From 'round the turn of a sharp corner comes a night cavalcade

rather badly handled by itinerant single dealers, has been reduced to scientific business by skillful co-operation between the big milk dealers of the present day and the railroads.

Now we begin to see, in a measure, the vastness of the machine that gives food to the city. All the avenues that lead to the town—the turnpikes reaching out from it like slender arms to the open country, the busy railroads—all these are avenues of food. From up and down along the coast fishing schooners are running into port, with the sea's contribution to man; lazy little luggers are bringing the oysters and the clams up from the flat marshes that line the sea; the big liners that find safe haven at the outstretching piers fetch to the town the fruits of foreign slopes, the delicacies that finicky folk crave and must have. It is a great machine, almost infinitely complex. It works unceasingly. Its long arms stretch over whole States, span unhesitatingly a broad continent; some of its more slender tentacles reach afar over seas.

Night again.

The last of the office lights in the towering buildings has been snuffed out. Downtown is quiet. At nine o'clock in the evening the policeman's footfall on the pavement echoes in lonely streets. A tired bookkeeper scurrying home after a vexatious hunt for his balances gets sharp scrutiny from the policeman. Downtown is asleep.

Then from 'round the turn of a sharp corner comes a night cavalcade, a small brigade of horses. They draw great high-boxed vans, painted white, a bit gaudy in lettering. They make you think of those long-ago days when you used to go down to the depot to see the circus come in, for the big wagons are like those that used to shroud mystery as they rolled from the trains down to the show-lot. We follow this procession of a half a dozen great vans, follow it through the twisting, narrow streets of downtown, across a famous old ferry, straight up to the long sheds of a railroad terminal.

On the farther side of the terminal the passenger trains are coming and going at all hours. By day this shed, at which the big vans back—each into its carefully marked place—is a general freight-house; by night it is given over to the stocking of the city baby's milk bottle. The ferried vans are hardly emptied of their empty cans and cases before the first of the milk-trains comes backing in at the other side of the long covered platform. Hissing arcs up under the roof throw high lights and deep shadows. They show the platform-men tugging at the car-fastenings before the brakes are fairly released. In another minute the big side-doors are thrown open, almost simultaneously; in still another the place is alive with the rattle of trucks. The milk—tons upon tons of it in ten-gallon cans and in cases of individual bottles—is being loaded within those circus-like vans. A second milk-train comes bumping in at a far platform. There is another brigade of vans waiting for it there. A third train is due to arrive in another half-hour. The vans that it will fill are already beginning to back into place and unload their cans and cases upon the platforms.

Here are almost two hundred great four-horse trucks being filled simultaneously, and all working with the almost rhythmic harmony of organization. You want to know how they do it? Ask that man in a short, rough coat, who carries a lantern on his arm, and with it peers interestedly into every one of the cars. That man's word is law on this platform, for he is its boss. He has been filling the babies' milk bottles from this particular terminal for almost a quarter of a century now. His railroad was the first to bring milk into a large city.

"We get it over," he will say, "by the experience of some little time—and by planning. You saw the numbers on the team side of this milk platform. That's only half the problem. There are a dozen different milk-handling concerns doing business at this shed and their stuff comes together on this one train. Yet we get the thing out by having each concern—each truck—come up to its own position at the team side. The other half of the problem we solve by having a certain position for each milk-car.

"Here is the Hygienic Milk Company up on the Heights—you have seen their fancy dairies all over town. Well, the Hygienic has a station up at Bottger's, on our Lancaster and Essex division, and fills two cars at that station every blessed day. Their two cars stand in beyond this No. 14 pillar every night, so we know just where to direct their trucks. That's business—just system. We spot the cars every night—"

"Spot the cars?" you interrupt. He smiles at your ignorance.

"This train is made up in just the same fashion every night," he explains. "These two Hygienic cars are always the fifth and sixth. If they were the eighth and ninth some evening—if some smart Aleck of a yardmaster up the line should take to shuffling up these cars as you shuffle a deck of cards—we should have a near riot here, and I wouldn't get these platforms cleared of the milkmen for that market-truck train that backs in here from the South every night at eleven fifty-five.

"So they keep closely to the formation of our trains—and that of itself is no terminal problem. Away up the line ninety miles, a hundred and fifty, two hundred and fifty—everywhere that we have a big junction yard—the yard boss has his positive instructions about these milk-trains. By the time this fellow has cleared out of P—— J——, ninety miles up the road and our nearest road-yard outside of the metropolitan district, it's always in just the shape you see it to-night. After that there's nothing to be done here except cut off the road-engine at our terminal yard and pick out a driller to back her into position at this shed. It's nice work, and night after night that engineer of the driller does not vary four inches in the location of these car-doors."

He lifts his lantern, and we look into the interior of one of these cool milk-cars. This has the bottled milk in cases. The cases are packed four tiers high—never higher—and your guide explains to you that four cases is the limit of a hand-truck. All these things make for simplicity in handling. We peer into another car. The ten-gallon cans are in long diagonal rows, covering the entire floor of the car. It is a regular tessellated pattern, like the marble tiling of old-fashioned hotels and banks.

"Those little farmer boys," says the platform boss, "sure do that trick well. That speaks pretty well for Sullivanville. They all used to put the cans in straight rows, running lengthwise of the car. One day one of the smartest of those Sullivanville boys discovered that by putting the cans in diagonal rows, this-wise, we could gain a hundred cans in the loading. That added a thousand gallons to the capacity of the car. The Super gave him a good job, and some day you'll see he'll be running a railroad of his own."

Midnight.

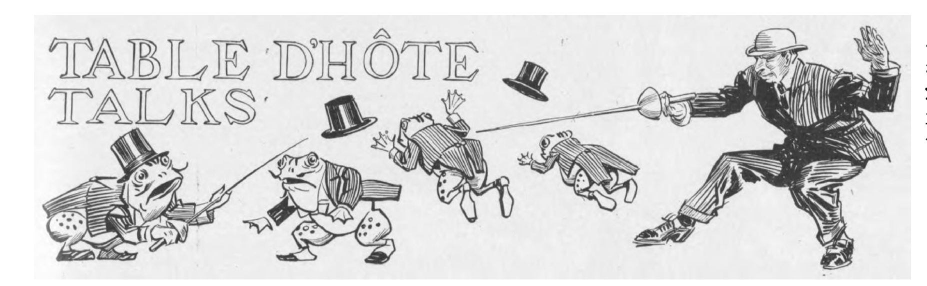
The lower town is more deserted, if that be even possible, than when we first saw it three hours ago. Yet here on this broad quay street which runs its stone-paved length up and down past the wharves of the harbor front all is alive. This is the midnight market. Under the very noses of the steamships that have brought this garden-truck up from the South it is being auctioned off to a hundred or so keen-nosed, keener-witted wholesalers. They wander about, under long awning roofs erected in the center of the street, through the gaunt, open shadowy spaces of the piers themselves—poking into the tops of barrels, pinching, tasting, critically examining all the while that they are bickering in prices. When the day is fully born and downtown alive once again there will be other wholesale markets, more sedate-looking affairs in rooms that have been built for the purpose by the traffic departments of the railroads. In these rooms, with the seats arranged in tiers and each seat having a broad writing-arm like a college classroom, fruit and vegetables will be sold, in carload lots. There will be records of prices—quotations. The affair will approach the dignity of those bourses where cotton and coffee and metals and securities are sold.

But the midnight market scorns such formalities, such dignities. It clings to its own hubbub, its own unsystematic way of accomplishing a great business. It prefers to sell as the stuff is unloaded; that has been its method for three-quarters of a century, and any method that has stood seventy-five years is at least entitled to a measure of consideration. But not all of its offerings have come by these big coasting steamships, whose outlines show vague at their piers in the darkness of the night. For, grinding against the spiles of these same wharves, as the unseen tide changes, are groups of car-floats that have been ferried across from the great railroad terminals across the river. Each car-float has two trackfuls of refrigerator-cars—twelve or fourteen or sixteen in all—lined against a long-roofed platform that runs just above the keel. When the pert little tugs have pushed and pulled and bunted the floats all into position, the platforms are quickly connected by gangways, canvas-covered against the stress of hard weather, and a great freight-house, almost Venetian in type, floats upon the surface of the silent river—becomes part and parcel of the pier itself. After that it is quick work to open each of the cars, to wheel out sample barrels of potatoes, of cabbage, of celery, of lettuce, of cauliflower — all the growing things of country farms that go to feed the hungry city.

The trading here is over in an hour—two hours at the longest when the shipments are heavy—and then the wholesalers are wheeling their wagons into place to cart away their purchases to their own stores and warehouses. From these the retailers—the men who carry on their businesses in stalls in the public market-houses, and those that have their own little shops on the street corners—make their selections. If you are a city woman you may now know that your grocer at the corner is up betimes, when the sun is just showing himself on lazy September mornings, with his own horse and wagon down to the wholesalers', buying his day's stock and getting it placed just before the earliest of the housewives begins her marketing.

We leave the midnight market just as the excitement there begins to lag, take a night-prowling trolley-car, go two or three miles through shadowy and deserted business streets, and come to another of the city's food stations. They call this a farmer's market. In reality it is a succession of open spaces, where an architect has recently wrought the market-houses into semblance of one of the old market squares of a Holland town. Here in these great paved spaces—some of them a whole city square in area—the big Conestoga wagons that we saw in the first place coming up the old high-road gather about midnight. They slowly wheel into place; drivers jump down into activity; there is much talk and much bustle. Horses are unhitched, led off to rest and food in near-by stables. The drivers and the marketmen find a bit of comfort themselves in the little corner restaurants, whose brightly lighted windows shine out like beacons in the night.

The clock in a neighboring church strikes two before this market leaps of a sudden into activity. Men come pouring out of the corner restaurants at the stroke of the hour; canvas covers are withdrawn from the shadowy wagons; the market-master hurries forth from his tiny little cabin of an office to collect his tolls. The bickering and bargaining begins again.



BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
PICTURES BY ALBERT LEVERING



BOGGS VISITS THE FRENCH CAPITAL

"MUNG Doo! mung Doo!" ejaculated Boggs, as he took his place with the rest of the company at a little dinner given by the Student of Human Nature at one of the cafés on the Champs-Elysées. "When I think of what I'd have perdood if I had turned up my toes to les marguerites after I had seen Naples, it gives me le grand froid up and down my dos."

"What on earth are you trying to say?" demanded the Fat Little Englishman.

"What am I trying to say?" retorted Boggs, scornfully. "What am I trying to say? I'm not trying to say anything. I have succeeded very successfully in saying that it sends a cold chill up and down my spine when I think of what I'd have lost if I had seen Naples and died before coming up here. If you'd brush up your French just a pew, my friend, not beaucoup de pew, but just assez pew to get along, you'd be able to compronny a lot, sir, that under present conditions you don't seem to understand. I tried getting along here for a while without any knowledge of French, but it was simplemong omposs-sible—vraimong, Monsieur—ompossible, with an acute accent on the om!"

"Do you flatter yourself that you are familiar with the French language?" returned Mr. Bull with a jeering smile.

"Familiar?" cried Boggs, unabashed. "Familiar isn't the word, Mr. Bull. The French language and I have got to a point where we even take liberties with each other. We got past the point of mere familiarity long ago, and are now on terms of such intimacy that I do most of my thinking in French. When I waked up this matin I yawned idiomatically, and with a decidedly Gallic accent. When anybody asks me a question requiring an affirmative reply, I no longer answer, 'Ay, ay, sir,' as I used to do, but indulge in the less egotistical 'We, we, sir,' after the manner of your son of la belle France. When I order my dejooney, instead of demanding a large cup of coffee, I request the garçon to apporty moi a large bowl of demi-tasse, avec ung pew de condensed milk on the côte, and you don't know what a difference it makes in the service I get. Waiters who once listened to the rehearsal of my wishes with a cold, steely hauteur, now greet my few remarks with a warm, genial smile, and when I ask them for a small slice of poudang de plum, avec a petit cheval of cognac brulant, they go off and get it with beaming countenances."

"What the dickens is a petit cheval of cognac?" laughed the Fat Little Englishman.

"Ho!" laughed Boggs, derisively. "Here's a man don't know what a pony of brandy is!"

"Well," smiled Mr. Bull, "I don't wonder they grin. When you make a composite language of Missouri English and guide-book French, I don't think even the face of the Man in the Iron Mask could keep from cracking its lip."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Boggs. "Kervoo-leyvoo, anyhow? What are we ici for, if not to get all the fun out of la vie que nous pouvons? If we can apporty a smile à la visage de gloom by making a linguistic cocktail out of French and Ozark, why not do it?"

"But aren't you afraid that in speaking such a language you may be misunderstood?" asked the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes.

"I have discovered, Madame," returned Boggs, "that if a man wishes to become fluent in French he mustn't be afraid of anything, but just fire away and trust to luck to get through. It is absolute fearlessness of expression that leads on to ultimate triumph. Why, only yesterday when I was sliding through the Louvre seeing how many pages of Baedeker I could do in ten minutes I inadvertently tripped up a Dutchman who was engaged in rapt contemplation of Mony's Lisa, and in spite of the fact that I apologized and helped him politely to his feet again, he whispered some rather guttural remarks in my ear that, although I couldn't understand them, I was confident no true-born American would stand for, so I turned coldly upon him and, snapping my fingers in his face, I hissed out a retort in French, the only thing I could think of at the moment, and he sidled off into another room looking as if he thought I were a crazy man. If I had had the slightest fear of my French I venture to think he would have been very troublesome."

"What did you say to him?" asked the Student of Human Nature. "I hope it was fit for publication."

"Oh yes," said Boggs. "I merely said, bœuf à la mode, M'sieu! It wasn't so much the words, as the way I hissed them at him; which convinces me that if a chap gets a trifle nasty over here about anything, a short, sharp, decisive retort of that kind, exploded directly under his nose, as if you really meant it, and would die rather than take it back, will clear the atmosphere in a minute. Anyhow, it worked that way upon the Dutchman, and what had promised to be a disagreeable contretemps ended in a perfectly amicable faux pas."

"Nevertheless you will find that this spontaneous French of yours will prove a trifle misleading at times," said the Fat Little Englishman.

"No more so than the French language itself," said Boggs. "I never knew a language that was any worse in that respect, except English. For instance, when I arrived here I hadn't the slightest idea what hotel I'd better go to, so I made up my mind to choose the first one my eye fell upon in my Baedeker. I opened it at random, and the first thing I saw was the Hôtel des Invalides, so I got aboard a faker with my little malle-de-mer, and went sailing over to the Hôtel des Invalides, but when I asked an old codger at the door if he could give me a small room and a bath for eight francs a day it



"A petit cheval de cognac"

turned out not to be a hotel at all, but a sort of Grand Army post, with all the office space given over to the remains of the late lamented Napoleon Bonaparte. Then we drove over to the Hôtel Dieu, and, by ginger! that turned out to be a hospital! Then I tried the Hôtel de Ville, and, would you believe it, that turned out to be nothing but the City Hall, with not an empty berth to be had for love or money! It was then I discovered the contradictory character of the French language. A place for old pensioners is a hotel, but the place for lodgers and boarders is a pension. A list of boarding-houses is a pension list, and a list of hotels is any old thing that the man who makes it chooses to put on it. Still, nobody needs a hotel in Paris, anyhow, so what's the use of worrying about it?"

"Nobody needs a hotel in Paris?" ejaculated Mr. Bull. "That's the most extraordinary proposition you have laid down yet."

"Oh, a hotel is a convenience, of course," said Boggs, "but it isn't really a necessity over here. All one needs in a town like this is a place to eat and wash his face occasionally. What with visiting picture-galleries, and museums all day, and being out doing the town all night, what good is a bedroom? I haven't been to bed since I got here, and if I ever come again I sha'n't go to a hotel at all. It's a mere waste of money. I'll just hire a cab for a week and dress in that, and what sleep I need I'll get driving around from place to place, or at the theater."

"I fancy you haven't been to many of the theaters, if that is the way you feel about them, Mr. Boggs," said the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes.

"Oh yes, I have, Madame," said Boggs. "I've been every night. I shouldn't have been alive to-day if I hadn't. I went to the Comédie Française on Monday night, and got in three solid hours of dreamless slumber before they put me out. Tuesday night I went to the Opéra, and if it hadn't been for the confounded noise made by the orchestra I'd have got in four more there; and last night at the Porte St.-Martin I enjoyed a delightful siesta in the presence of the *Chantecler*. I roosted with the rooster, as it were. Taking it altogether, I think that *Chantecler* show set me up more than any dramatic performance I have slept through since I left Missouri. The barn-yard scene was so homelike, I felt as though I were back there on my father's farm at home, and inside of fifteen minutes I had dropped off into one of my old-time Sunday-afternoon naps, uninterrupted by anything but the dreamy cooing of the poultry, which I always used to find so soothing when I paid my little week-end visits to the old folks at home."

"Do you mean to say that you could sleep through such a performance as that, Mr. Boggs?" demanded the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes, fixing two very unapproving eyes upon Boggs.

"Why not, Madame?" said Boggs. "It isn't a very noisy show, considering the characteristics of the characters. The dog barked a little, and the jay-bird did considerable twittering, and the old rooster crew occasionally, but it takes more than that to keep an old farmer's boy like myself awake. Fact is, in the old days my daddy used to say that I slept hardest when the roosters crew loudest."

"But the lines of the *Chantecler*," protested the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes. "Surely, Mr. Boggs, you would not willingly miss anything so exquisitely beautiful and poetic as those lines!"

"Not if I knew it, Madame," said Boggs. "But, you see, those old hens cackled so fast that I couldn't catch a word they said. All I could understand was the scenery, and the only plot I could grasp was the grass-plot off to one side. I liked them both. They were well done, but I don't have to look at scenery for three solid hours to enjoy it. That's the trouble with these theaters over here. The actors don't seem to realize how many Americans there are in the house, and they go on jabbering away in a foreign language that is almost as hard to follow as the line of thought in a dress pattern in a fashion weekly. If you want to know the real truth I will confess to you right now that I can understand the language of a real rooster much more clearly than I can that of one of these imitation birds that have been lured from the farm by the glitter of the footlights."

"So that your French is a failure, after all!" suggested the Fat Little Englishman.

"Not the way I speak it," said Boggs. "Of course if I were to try to put it on the market for general consumption as a first-class language I couldn't guarantee it not to crack or fade, and under the pure-food law I fear me I should have to confess to a considerable amount of foreign substances in my



"I'll just hire a cab for a week"

potted tongue, but when it comes to helping me make myself understood over here it is far from a failure, and besides I get a lot of fun out of it. It stimulates the imagination trying to guess what a phrase will bring forth. When I summon a porter at my hotel and order a couple of crash towels sent up to my room in my own French I have a bully time making little bets with myself as to what I'll get. Last night I wanted a shave, and I rang up one of the bell-boys and asked to have the barber sent to my room.

"'Garçon,' said I, 'ung baba, au room.'

"'Oui, m'sieu',' said he, and he made off.

"In about an hour he came back, and what do you suppose he brought with him?"

"I don't know—a saddle-horse?" smiled the Fat Little Englishman.

"No," said Boggs. "A nice fresh doughnut with a half a pint of brandy-sauce oozing out of it. I suppose if I had ordered a charlotte russe the barber would have come with his shaving-mug full of suds—but, anyhow, that's what I like about my French. It amuses these Parisians, and at the same time it is full of delightful little surprises for me. I suppose those *Chantecler* fellows would accuse me of using bad language if they were to hear me speak it, but I'd have an answer for that bunch, all right."

"Which is what?" queried Mr. Bull.

"I'd tell 'em their old piece is only another case of fowl play," said Boggs.

Even the Fat Little Englishman snorted at the inexcusable character of this jest, and for a few moments all was silence.

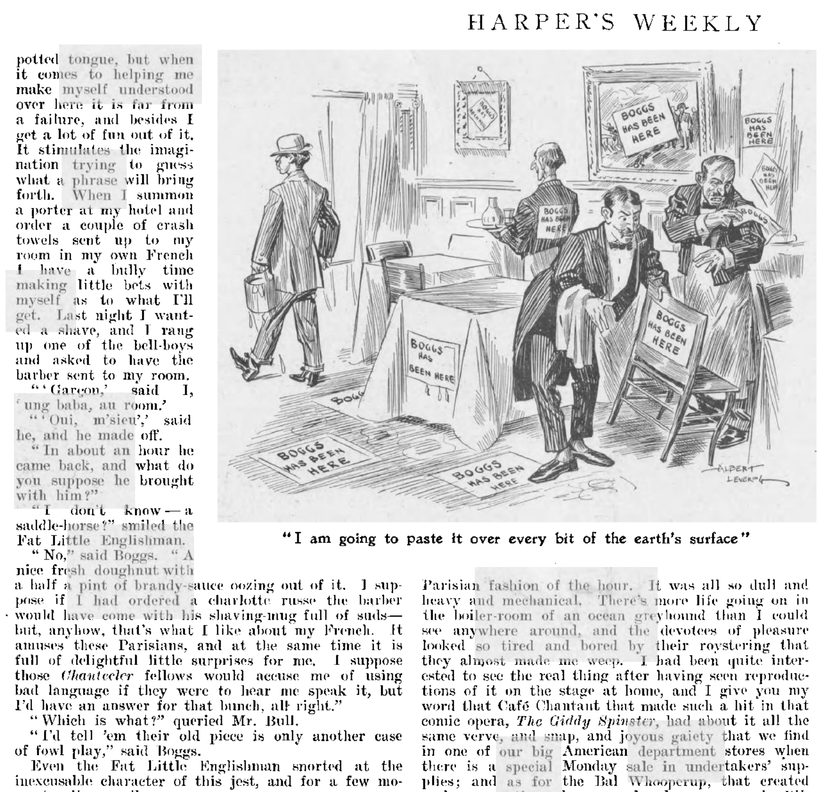
"But it's a great old city, this dear Paree!" Boggs went on, after a while. "The night side of Paris is no place for children and deacons, but the day side—well, the town looks to me as if it had been built of sunshine. It strikes me as being a sort of architectural picnic, and if anybody ever works here, except those night-side people, there isn't any evidence of it in sight."

"That's a curious view to take," said the Fat Little Englishman. "The idea of the night-side people doing any work is distinctly novel to me."

"Alas, yes!" sighed Boggs. "It was a surprise to me, too. I expected to see a large gathering of joyous grasshoppers tripping the light fantastic in the name of pleasure and frivolity, but it was not so. I had heard so much of the gay life of the Latin Quarter that I went over to take a peek at it, and the way those poor devils labored to be devilish, and strove to be frivolous, and toiled to make themselves appear worse than they were was appalling. That Pittsburg Survey crowd ought to come over here if they want to see an overworked, down-trodden class of submerged toilers. I'd rather work in a boiler-rivetting establishment fourteen hours a day than undertake to be deliriously naughty according to the Parisian fashion of the hour. It was all so dull and heavy and mechanical. There's more life going on in the boiler-room of an ocean greyhound than I could see anywhere around, and the devotees of pleasure looked so tired and bored by their roystering that they almost made me weep. I had been quite interested to see the real thing after having seen reproductions of it on the stage at home, and I give you my word that Café Chantant that made such a hit in that comic opera, *The Giddy Spinster*, had about it all the same verve, and snap, and joyous gaiety that we find in one of our big American department stores when there is a special Monday sale in undertakers' supplies; and as for the Bal Whooperup, that created such a sensation when reproduced as a scene in Bildad's comedy, *The Whirl*, so full of life and abandon, was in reality as deliriously exciting at its height as the annual outing of the Pall-bearer's Union, at a Chautauqua Amusement Park. The dancing reminded me of the agile efforts of a gang of street-pavers trying to drive the granite blocks of a Belgian pavement into place. There was absolutely nothing in it that could have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of the mother of a baby elephant, except perhaps the fact that the poor old ladies who occupied the floor, tripping the light fantastic toe, could not get some easier and pleasanter job in some prosperous laundry."

"I am surprised, Mr. Boggs," said the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes, severely, "that you should encourage such spectacles with your presence."

"Madame," said Boggs, "I do not wish to shock you, but I assure you I believe such institutions are worthy of our moral and financial support. They make vice so very repulsive, that I believe they should be endowed by some one of our leading philanthropists for the mere sake of their effect upon the morals of youthful roysterers, who feel that they must sow a few wild oats before settling down. I am convinced that any youth who can be saved at all, once led to believe that this sort of thing is life, gaiety, pleasure, would make a bee line for a monastery, and swear off gaiety for the rest of his days. The intense stupidity and weariness and cruelty of it would send a devotee of the theory of the rapid life shrieking into the outstretched arms of the Y. M. C. A., in search of something to satisfy his thirst for excitement."



"I am going to paste it over every bit of the earth's surface"

"Bad as all that, eh?" said the Student of Human Nature.

"Worse," said Boggs. "So much worse that when I get back to my little machine-shop at home I am going to see what I can do to construct a mechanical arrangement which shall relieve these overworked roysterers of their killing efforts to be gay. The trolley has freed the horse and the mule of their burdens in many communities, and I see no reason why some sort of an electrical device cannot be invented that will kick a man's hat off the top of his head, and put a little real electricity into a skirt-dance on a ball-room floor, instead of having these things done for us by a lot of tired old grandmothers who really ought to be in bed at an old lady's home somewhere instead of giving demonstrations of the delights of Parisian high life. It will be a great boon, and make a corking thing to advertise. Just think of it:

THE BAL WHOOPERUP
EVERY NIGHT IN THE WEEK EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR
BOGGS'S ELECTRICAL PIERETTES
HATS KICKED OFF AT ANY HEIGHT, OR YOUR MONEY RETURNED
VICELESS VICIOUSNESS. STERILIZED GAIETY. ANTISEPTIC DISSIPATION FOR THE BLASÉ

"Eh? What?" said Boggs.

"It would be a great success," said the Student of Human Nature, "and with the elimination of the purely human factors would lose that coarse vulgarity which under present conditions is the most objectionable feature of Parisian viciousness."

Boggs rose from the table.

"You are not going to leave us?" said the Student of Human Nature.

"Sorry," said Boggs, "but I have an appointment with a printer who is getting up my new label for me."

"Your what?" roared the Fat Little Englishman.

"My new label," said Boggs. "When I look at my trunk and suit-case and see the bill-posters that these hotel porters over here have pasted all over their fair surface, I feel that I have been derelict in returning their attentions, so I am having a gummed label made with the simple words,

BOGGS HAS BEEN HERE

printed on it under a picture of myself. It is to be four inches long by two wide, printed in three colors, red, white, and blue, surrounded by a dainty little border of forget-me-nots, and—"

"What on earth are you going to do with a thing like that?" asked the Fat Little Englishman.

"I'm going to paste it on every hotel wall I can reach," said Boggs. "I am going to affix it to every dining-room chair I sit in. I am going to plaster it over every bit of the earth's surface over here that is big enough to hold it, and when I am departing from these hotels I—I—I'm going—I'm going to—I—"

"Go on!" cried the Fat Little Englishman. "Tell us what you are going to do?"

"I'm going to work my knowledge of jiu jitsu on every hotel porter within reach, and glue that label on the small of his back, and the back of his neck, and the top of his bald head, as a token of my everlasting regard," said Boggs. "That's what I'm agoin' to do!"

The Deadly Perils of Farming

By J. V. D. Osmund

WHAT is the most dangerous vocation a man can follow? Is it railroading, or mining, or deep-sea fishing, or building skyscrapers, or handling molten steel, or toiling among the great dynamos and boilers of power-houses? It is none of these. The most perilous occupation known to man is farming! That fact, as gathered from statistics compiled by German authorities during the last twenty-five years, was displayed last week to the members of the National Association of Manufacturers assembled in their annual convention at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. In a large room near the convention hall there were exhibited many photographs of safety devices now in use in manufacturing plants—for one of the principal objects of the association is the prevention of accidents and the granting of quick and competent relief to workmen—as well as charts and pictures showing what industries are most subject to mishaps.

"Statistical records," write Messrs. Schwedtman and Emery of the association, "compel a readjustment of our conventional notions as to the comparative hazard of various employments. A number of our States have expressed in their laws, or contemplated laws, the opinion that there are among the regular trades certain very dangerous ones, and that if these trades are covered by obligatory compensation for accidents, the problem will be nearly settled. We have heard this sentiment expressed very strongly by some of the framers of the New York law. The building trades, for illustration, are classed in this category in the State of New York."

Five charts accompany the report. In one of them are vividly shown the total occupational accidents of 1908, of a duration of more than thirteen weeks. Of these agriculture and horticulture furnished 43½ per cent.; iron and steel industry, 10½ per cent.; mining, 8¼ per cent.; building construction, 7½ per cent., and quarries, only 2 per cent., which is as low as textile industry. In the deaths caused by occupational accidents in 1908 farming still leads, with 30½ per cent.; then come mining, 19 per cent.; building construction, 8½ per cent.; State employments (three-quarters of the State railways), 8½ per cent.; iron and steel industry, 7¼ per cent.; quarries and teaming, each 2½ per cent., etc.

"All these data," say the authors, "are based upon statistics for the year 1908, which do not differ materially from former years except that they show a reduction in the proportion of farm accidents to those of other occupations. After studying these charts it would seem of little use to construct laws or adopt systems which do not cover the farmer. He stands first on each of the five charts, charged with 43.5 per cent. of the total number of injured; 30 per cent. of the total number of dead; 32.5 per cent. of the total number of permanently completely incapacitated; 45 per cent. of the total number of permanently partly incapacitated, and 45 per cent. of those temporarily incapacitated.

"Compare this with the building industry, which contributes 7.5 per cent., 8.5 per cent., 5.5 per cent., 6 per cent., and 9 per cent. respectively, of the various degrees of injury, and it becomes evident that accident prevention, compensation, and insurance has as large a field on the farm as it has in the industries. We do not want to be understood that there are more injuries per thousand among farm workers than there are in the more hazardous industrial callings, but even here the farmer shows up fairly high. . . . To safeguard the greatest number of human beings and to compensate the greatest number of injured workers must be the basis for action, and a system which excludes 43.5 per cent. of all injured workers cannot be called just or progressive.

"The importance of covering the farm workers is further evidenced by a study of records of former years. At the beginning of the accident-insurance period in Germany the same erroneous impression existed there as to the relative hazard of industrial and agricultural work which now exists in this country. Statistical records for a few years brought a change in Germany, as is shown by the following statement from the official insurance record of the year 1902:

"'It was formerly believed that agricultural pursuits were comparatively free from accidental injury. The enforcement of the compensation law of 1886 has proven this view erroneous. The statistics for 1901 show that the forty-eight agricultural employers' associations of Germany during this one year have had to compensate 56,039 injured workers, which is 540 more than are charged against the sixty-five industrial employers' associations for the same period.'

"What German statistics have proven regarding the hazards of farming every other country which has given this subject attention has found to be correct; only it is more difficult to prove elsewhere because of lack of reliable information. Germany was not slow to call attention to farm accident statistics. . . . The result is a decrease in the number of farm casualties from more than 50 per cent. of the total casualties of the empire in 1902 to 43.5 per cent. in 1908.

"There is every reason to believe that the hazard of the farm as compared with the industries is even greater in the United States than it is in Germany. First, because there is more pioneer farming, which is necessarily more dangerous, and second, because the use of farm machinery is much more extensive among farmers in the United States than in European countries."

The Passing of the Dumb

IN PLACE OF THE OLD-FASHIONED FINGER-LANGUAGE THE DEAF-MUTE CHILD NOW LEARNS THE USE OF HIS VOICE AND READS THE SPEAKER'S LIPS

By Louise E. Dew



IMAGINE living in a world of eternal silence, where sound is something as inconceivable and beyond understanding as sight to those born blind! Yet such is the fate of one child out of every fifteen hundred. That these deaf children need no longer be segregated in institutions and denied the pleasure of home ties and associations has been thoroughly demonstrated by a remarkable public day-school system of oral work. A few hours spent in such a school will afford the observer convincing proof that the absence of hearing no longer need deprive a child of speech.

The visitor who approaches a day school for the deaf at the regular morning hour will see pupils of all ages and sizes trooping happily into the building. Nor will he observe any marked peculiarities or difference in their appearance as compared with other school-children. This also holds true in the assembly room where they gather every morning for their training in citizenship. As they stand to salute the flag, it is astonishing to hear nearly two hundred voices raised in unison. Even if the words were not already familiar they could be easily understood, the articulation of the pupils is so distinct and rhythmical.



An oral reading-drill. The pupils recite in unison with perfect enunciation and rhythm. This is the highest class, and its members compare well with those of any equal class in the public schools

How even deaf children learn to reproduce the speech they never hear is marvelous. In one class of beginners, the children may be seen grouped about the teacher for a lesson in lip-reading. All were totally deaf and, until they came to the school a few months previously, their répertoire limited to inarticulate laughing and crying. They knew no objects by name, not even the traditional "cat" and "dog," yet in a short time they not only "found" their voices, but learned the names of many objects also.

To accomplish this takes days and weeks of patient work on the part of both teachers and pupils. It is doubtful whether the task ever would be accomplished were it not for the love and sympathy infused into every word of instruction. Over and over again the children articulate consonants and vowels and combinations of letters.

"Maurice, say 'car,'" the teacher says. He does so, but inarticulately.

"No, that will never do," says the teacher, smiling. "You must speak distinctly."

The child struggles manfully with the word, keeping his eyes fixed intently on the teacher's lips; but not until she thrusts her forefinger gently into his mouth, and lightly places his tongue back against his soft palate, does the child master the word.

When the children first come to school they have no idea of vibration, and the understanding has to be awakened. To accomplish this, the teacher sits with a guitar on her lap, grouping the children about her in a semicircle, so that they may watch the lesson closely. One child at a time stands beside her and places the palm of his hand on the guitar, keeping his eyes closed. The teacher twangs the bass string of the instrument, and the moment the vibration ceases the child opens his eyes. A daily repetition of this programme with each child gives the desired results.

Both "k" and "g" are especially difficult for the children, as these letters are formed at the back of the tongue. As this member has never been exercised or developed by articulate speech prior to school days, it has to learn all these new labial games of hide-and-seek. That is why teacher is compelled to use the tongue-manipulator so frequently in the beginning, on the little new children. The tongue and palate that have never before had even a bowing acquaintance must be properly introduced by the aid of this small instrument.

It is a wonderfully interesting game to the children. Teacher gathers them all about her in their little low chairs, and hands each child a mirror, keeping one for herself. Then she sits in front of them and, with her mirror before her, shows the children how to keep the tongue very still by letting it lie flat in the mouth. This, she explains, is the first step toward getting control of the tongue.

After this period of relaxation the tongue is exercised more vigorously by thrusting it out as far as possible, then drawing it back quickly. Each child consults his or her mirror gravely, forgetful of everything but the tongue, which is constantly compared with the teacher's for the obtaining of flexibility, though they do not know it by that name.

The lip-reading of many of the pupils is so excellent, that they receive correctly the communications of their teachers from across the room. This was particularly noticeable in the two advanced classes, one of which will graduate **this month.** These pupils have not only developed unusual speech-reading ability, but they speak with ease and fluency.

"I learned to read the lips here," said one lad in the 8-A class. "I could not read them before," he added, distinctly, as he took his place at the board for an oral lesson in Bell's Visible Speech.

"A sound wave consists of condensations and refractions under waves," articulated a lad distinctly from the board explanation.

The 8-B class were having a reading drill in "The Blue and the Gray," which they recited in unison, with beautiful accent and rhythm. It was a remarkable piece of reading, considering the fact that the pupils are "deaf-mutes."



Teaching a deaf child the meaning of vibration through the medium of a guitar



Tongues and palates that have never had even a bowing acquaintance are introduced in the mirror. The tongue is constantly compared with the teacher's for the obtaining of flexibility

When the Board of Education of New York City opened this school two years ago it was looked upon as an experiment. Now it is recognized throughout the United States as an unqualified success. From an enrolment of forty-eight pupils in 1908 with ten classes it now has nearly two hundred pupils and nineteen classes, including shop-work, cooking, painting, drawing, and sewing. The first class to be graduated will be that of 1911. It is the aim of the school to qualify the pupils to enter the trades and professions, and to be self-supporting.

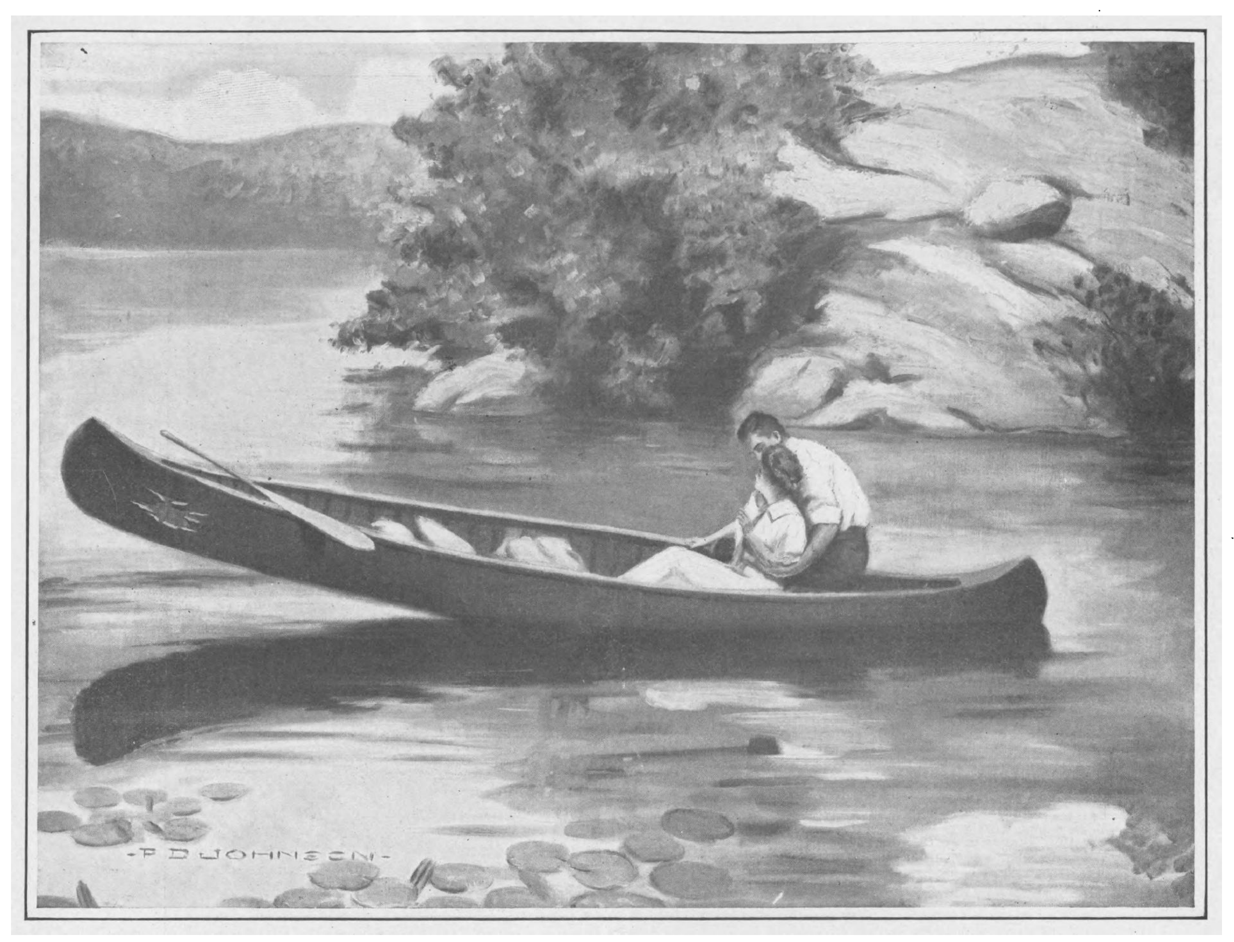
The principal chosen was a woman who had taught the deaf before entering the Public-School system. All her associates were as carefully selected from prominent institutions for the deaf. In no other school in New York does one feel such an atmosphere of love and helpfulness. The classes are limited to ten pupils each, so each child has the benefit of individual work. The majority of the pupils come from within two or three miles of the school, many parents having moved into the neighborhood to give their children the benefit of this day-school instruction in lip-reading. But some come a distance of ten miles or more daily. In many cases mothers bring their children from Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, and Richmond, calling for them again when school is dismissed.

Statistics of the last year show that there are 12,000 deaf pupils in various schools in the United States alone. That the majority of these are taught by oral methods and read the lips perfectly, proves that they are not "dumb" on account of lack of hearing, but lack of instruction. The child usually designated as "deaf and dumb" has as perfect a vocal organization as the speaking child.



THE SERENADE

DRAWN BY GEORGE W. BARRATT



"IF YOU MOVE AN INCH NEARER THE BOW, YOU'LL SINK US"



SUMMER-RESORT GUIDE FOR THE UNSOPHISTICATED

SARATOGA.—An Indian settlement in upper New York renowned for its perpetual springs. Located over subterranean soda-water fountain especially recommended for persons temporarily sojourning on water-wagon who seek variety in water-vintages. Inhabited largely in winter by hotel-keepers and bell-boys out of a job, but in summer-time noted for size and affluence of floating population, not all of whom are Scotch Presbyterians. Large mineral deposits are to be found here, chiefly in summer-time, in shirt-bosoms of room-clerks of hotels, and on fore and other fingers of floating population, not excepting the thumb. Though many miles distant from that glorious river, many traces of Rhinestones are observable during season. Garden-spot for children, the large and capacious race-track, standing about a mile out of town, having become since advent of Hughes Code a splendid concourse for the unimpeded progress of baby-carriages and miniature express-wagons.

The chief industry of the town is the manufacture of Saratoga Chips, made, not as has been insinuated by enemies, of Georgia Pine shavings curled into odd shapes, but from genuine edible farinaceous tubers with their jackets off, known to scientists as *Solanum tuberosum*, or *Spudosa esculanta*. These have the rich, rare flavor of the salted peanut, and masticate with a pleasing crackling sound not unlike the music of an Arabian steed chewing on a lump of sugar. Said to have special curative value for persons suffering from an overabundant hunger, three quarts taken an hour before each meal materially diminishing appetite of the most voracious.

Noted for highly antiseptic quality of its sporting life, the Baby-carriage Marathon run daily on race-track drawing large crowds of enthusiastic visitors, who, though not allowed to bet money, take much of quiet happiness from laying small wagers in gum-drops and Iceland-moss candies on field and favorite.

Is of particular value to parents desirous of familiarizing their children with great names and events of American history, having been scene of Burgoyne's surrender to General Gates, and later on of complete rout of Old Guard by the Mahdi of Oyster Bay. Pieces of latter's platform still sold by dealers in curios to lovers of political *bric-à-brac*. After disappearance of Indian tribes dress became social necessity at Saratoga, and is still observed to some extent, although a linen duster and a motor-veil saturated in gasoline will carry one successfully over a week-end.

WHAT HE WANTED

It was after the explosion, and Henderson sat on a rail fence gazing ruefully over the scene of ruin. One of his wheels was still rolling onward over the pike. Another hung from the limb of a tree. Other sections of the car were strewn about the highway, far and near.

"Ah me!" sighed Henderson. "To think that only last night I was inveighing against an assembled car! By Jove! I'd give a hundred dollars to anybody who'd come along at this very minute and assemble mine."

A WIDE-AWAKE CONSTABLE

"Ye say ye ain't been speedin', eh?" said Silas as he stopped the car.

"Nary a speed," said the chauffeur, trying to be amiable.

"When did ye leave Quinceville?" demanded Silas, suspiciously.

"Five o'clock this morning," said the chauffeur, with a wink at his companion.

"Five this mornin', eh?" said the constable, catching the wink. "Taken ye six hours to come four miles. Wa-al, I guess I'll run ye in, anyhow, only I'll change the complaint from overspeedin' to obstructin' the highway."

THE UNHAPPY JESTER

"I hear poor Dobbs the humorist has gone to a sanitarium," said Binks.

"Yes," said Higgins; "he's worked himself into a state of nervous prostration that I fear is incurable."

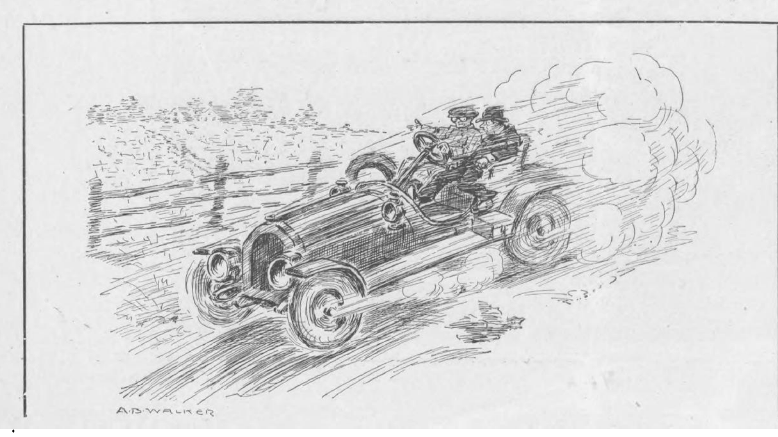
"That's too bad," said Binks. "How did he come to do that?"

"Why, six weeks ago he got an answer to a riddle, one's a chau-ffur and the other's a fur show, and he says he'll never be able to sleep until he finds the question it will make a good answer to," said Higgins.

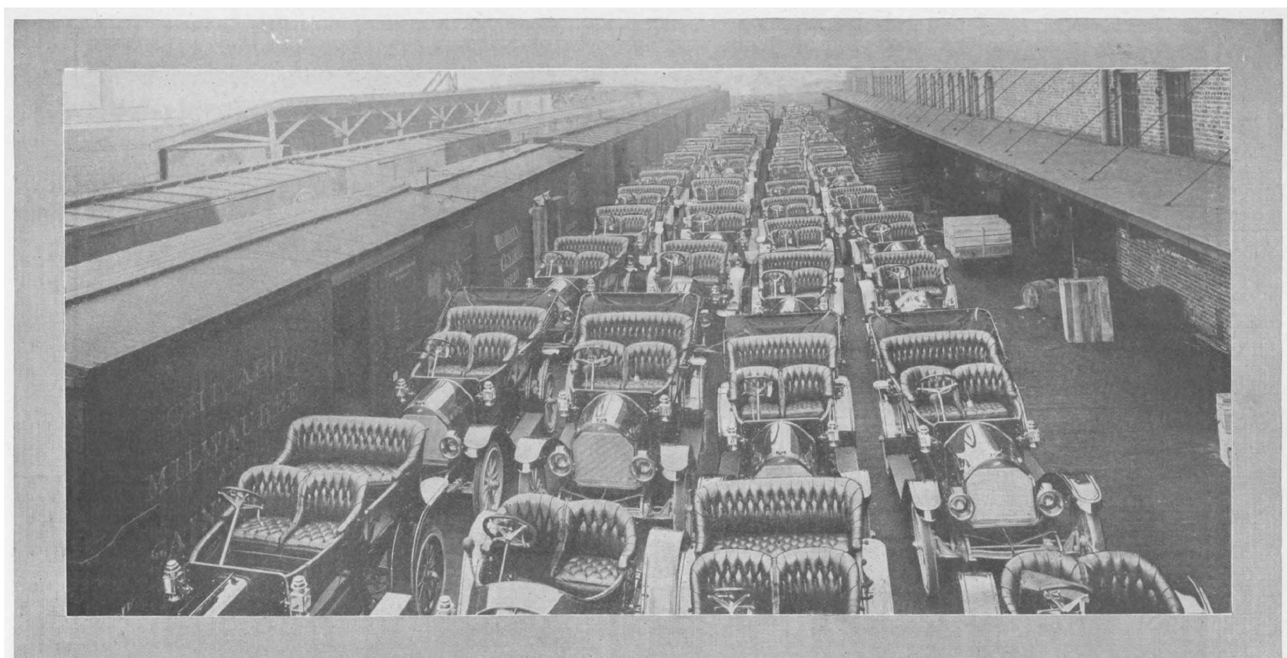
THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING

"I don't see," said Mrs. Wiggles, with a sniff, "how you stand the smell of all those gasoline cars going by here all day long."

"I couldn't at first," said Mrs. Waggles, "but, after all, I find them a great help. Since they've been runnin' there hain't been a sign of a moth around the place."



"Pretty fine crop of corn and beans in that field, eh?"
"Looks like succotash to me."



Overland

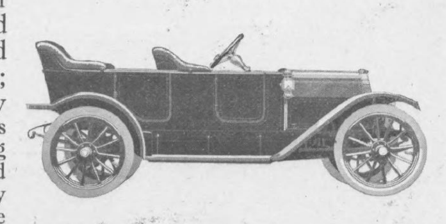
On One of the Shipping Platforms

YOU can stand in the great Overland freight yards any day in the week and watch these machines go out, carload after carload. There are two immense shipping platforms, like the one shown above. Each is crammed with moving cars from morning till night. Shipments made just as rapidly as gangs of men can load the cars. Since the first of the year our daily shipment has averaged over seventy machines.

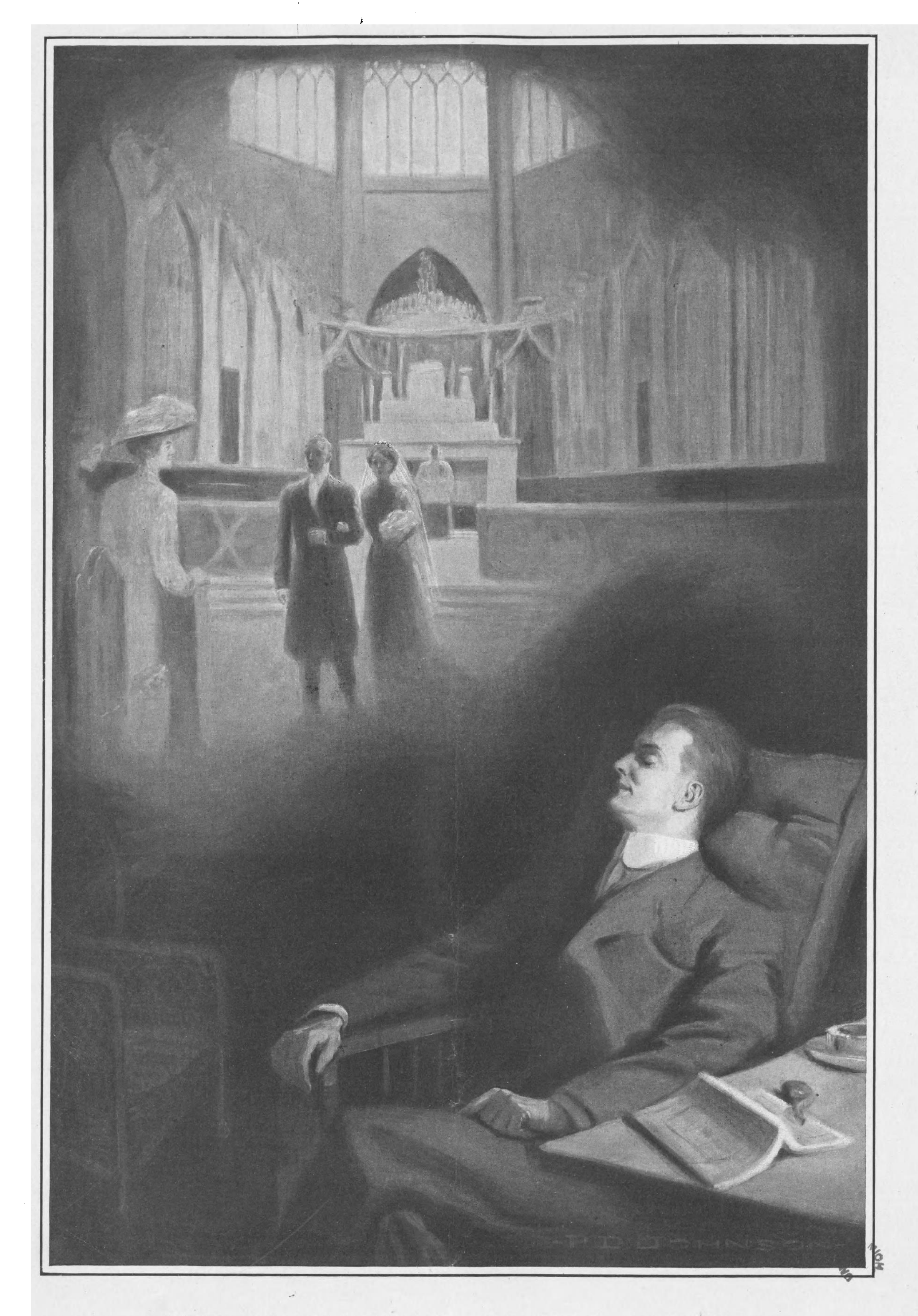
¶ Ever since we advised the motor buying public to compare values before they purchased, the daily demand for Overlands has taxed our capacity. One morning we received telegraphic orders for seventy-one cars. The first mail that same morning brought rush shipping orders for two hundred more.

¶ Any one who actually investigates what we claim for the Overland is convinced of its greater value. We asked the public to make a few simple comparisons; we asked them **not** to buy until they could see their money's worth; but we **did persuade** them to compare values. The very fact that over 25,000 thoughtful Americans bought Overlands after a careful comparison of values, should have some meaning to you. Simply take the specifications of the $1250 Overland and compare them item for item with the specifications of any $1500 or $1700 car on the market. This will prove to you the greater Overland value. Look up the Overland dealer in your town. Get your car in time to enjoy some of this fine Spring weather. Drop us a line today and we will send you an Overland book.

THIS is the Model 51—$1250. A roomy five-passenger car, equipped with a powerful 4-cylinder motor—wheel base 110 inches—tires 34 x 3½. Has the fashionable fore-doors, with shifting levers and door handles inside.



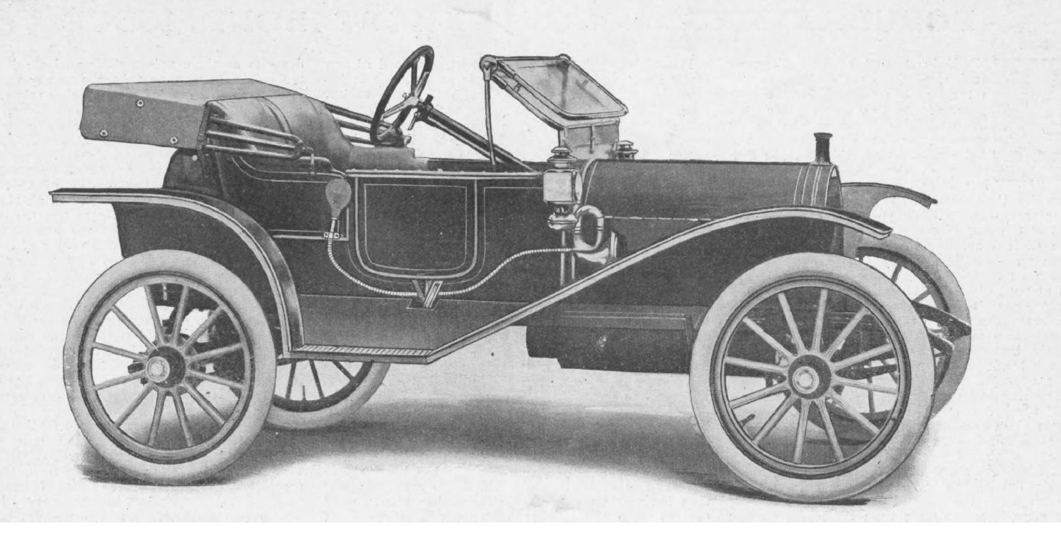
The Willys-Overland Company, 140 Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio



THE ISLE (AISLE) OF OUR DREAMS

DRAWN BY P. D. JOHNSON

Hupmobile 1912 Announcement



Runabout, 20 H. P., 4 cylinders, sliding gears, Bosch magneto; fully equipped with top, windshield, doors, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, horn and tools—$750 F. O. B. Detroit.

The 1912 Fore-door



Runabout

Fully Equipped

$750

F. O. B. Detroit

All prices include complete equipment

We believe that in this new 1912 fore-door Hupmobile, fully equipped for $750, you get infinitely more than you have ever even been offered before.

We have always asked you in the past to compare the Hupmobile with the costliest cars of largest size; and we shall never recede from that position.

But in order that you may be quickly convinced, we are willing that you should set aside, for a moment, the question of quality.

We are willing that you should forget the twenty-eight important improvements incorporated in this new car and printed on this page.

To get down to bedrock—pick out any car of lower price, and add to that price the money value of the 1912 equipment of the Hupmobile.

When you've made it plain to yourself that even in point of price this new car is the most extraordinary thing that has ever happened in motordom, get back to the only question that counts—the question of quality—and study this page to see what your Hupmobile dealer offers you.

Into each and every Hupmobile model for 1912 have been incorporated entirely new elements of value.

The legitimate savings of an immensely increased production—these are passed on to you in the form of a structural, mechanical, and incidental equipment, never before offered in a car at anything like this price.

Study the list of 1912 improvements. Consider what you get; and what you pay. Remember the flawless reputation of the Hupmobile—its immense popularity not only with men of moderate means, but men of wealth and experience in every community.

1912 Improvements

An auxiliary inverted top-leaf spring placed between the frame and rear spring, to prevent listing of body.

Old ball bearings back of driving pinion replaced with Timken bearings.

Four pinions instead of two on the differential.

Rear axle shaft tapered into and keyed onto the wheel—cannot work loose.

Ball bearings on either side of differential replaced by specially designed Hyatt roller bearings.

Axle shaft babbitted near brake, so that no grease can escape.

Ten-inch double internal expansion brakes instead of eight-inch.

Adjustable ball housing for universal joint.

All spring hangers fitted with oilers.

Timken roller bearings on front wheels.

Supporting seat for front spring. All springs made of Vanadium.

New pressed steel radiator, lined with brass, with $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. more efficiency in cooling.

Improved water outlet to engine.

Radius rods have square lock nuts on transmission ends, to make them more easily adjustable.

Double springs on the foot brake pedals.

Steel flywheel guard.

New square dash and hood ledges of natural walnut.

Nine-inch mud guards instead of six-inch; and mud shields completely enclosing space between wheels and fenders.

Running boards of pressed steel, supported by two drop-forged irons.

Magneto encased in a Rubbertex cover.

Hub caps of real brass; stronger and better.

Large timing gears of bronze instead of fibre.

Valve adjusters on all valves maintain timing longer under all conditions; make timing quickly adjustable and prevent engine power from decreasing.

All cast-iron used on the car sand-blasted to give smoother surface and keep grit out of gears and bearings.

Improved Breeze carburetor—will not leak, and is accurately and easily adjusted.

Cam-action oiler on the engine regulated with the throttle and gives a positive feed. You get more oil as you need it and as the engine develops power. This feature peculiar to high-priced cars of foreign make.

Inside drive on the side-door models.

Fore-doors included as regular equipment with no extra charge; also top, windshield, and gas lamps and generator.

Hupp Motor Car Company 1232 Jefferson Avenue Detroit, Michigan

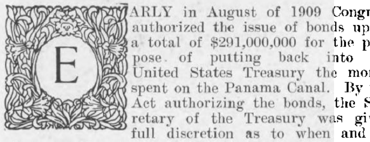




Finance

By Franklin Escher

POPULARIZING A GOVERNMENT BOND ISSUE



EARLY in August of 1909 Congress authorized the issue of bonds up to a total of $291,000,000 for the purpose of putting back into the United States Treasury the money spent on the Panama Canal. By the Act authorizing the bonds, the Secretary of the Treasury was given full discretion as to when and in what quantity they should be issued, and as to what rate of interest (up to three per cent.) they should bear. As in the case of every other government issue since the Civil War, it was provided that national banks owning these bonds and depositing them at Washington as security were to be allowed to issue an equal amount of bank-notes.

The payments on canal account having already proved a heavy drain on the Treasury at the time of the authorization of this issue, Secretary Mac Veagh immediately began to bestir himself about putting some of the bonds on the market. At once, however, it became apparent that the marketing of the new bonds was going to be no easy thing. With the price of the old two-per-cents. down to within a fraction of par, it was plain enough that buyers for any further considerable amount of "twos" would be hard to find. By raising the interest rate on the new bonds to three per cent., a market above par could easily enough be established; but if that were done, what would be bound to happen to the price of the old bonds carrying only two per cent? No more than the banks owning them did Secretary Mac Veagh want to see these old "twos" driven down in price into the seventies or eighties. If *that* were going to be the effect of issuing the newly authorized bonds, Secretary Mac Veagh made up his mind it would be a long time before any of them were issued.

Continued expenditures on the canal work, however, were drawing lower and lower the Treasury's supply of cash, and the need of issuing some of these bonds authorized by Congress was becoming urgent. Finally the Secretary of the Treasury hit upon a plan. If Congress could be induced to change the Act authorizing the bonds so that they would *not* be available as a basis for bank-notes, the new bonds would not come into competition with the old at all, and so would not hurt their price. Making the new bonds non-available for circulation purposes would, of course, mean the practical elimination of the national banks as buyers; but, on the other hand, the bonds could in that case be given the full three-per-cent. interest, a rate sufficiently high to make a market for them with the investment public.

For a *long* time Secretary Mac Veagh worked to get Congress to make this modification in the original Act, but without success—United States government bonds had always been sold to banks and not to private investors, and there was too much risk in making a change. But finally the common sense of the thing triumphed over tradition, and just before Congress adjourned this spring an Act was passed making the new bonds *non*-available by banks as a basis for taking out circulation.

With that seemingly unimportant move on the part of Congress a new chapter in United States Government finance is begun. Since the Bank Act was passed in 1864, all bonds issued by the government have been available for circulation purposes, the natural result of which has been that the national banks have been about the only buyers of government securities. To these banks government securities had a special value, so that the banks could afford to pay exorbitantly high prices for them. Nobody else, for instance, could afford to pay 104 or 105 for a bond bearing only two-per-cent. interest. And, as a result, gradually the whole supply of government bonds came to be concentrated in the national banks and these institutions to be regarded as the logical buyers of all fresh issues.

From now on it is to be different. Instead of new bonds being offered on such terms as to make it impossible for any one but the national banks to buy them, they are to be offered on such terms as will make them attractive to thousands of investors all over the country. Instead of the bonds being sold to national banks, whose only possible use for them is to make them the basis of an addition to the already plethoric supply of bank-notes, they are to be offered at popular subscription. No special privilege is to be attached to the bonds, making them more valuable to one class of buyers than to another. A chance is at last to be offered to investors large and small to buy the securities of their own country. The government, in other words, is going to stop doing its borrowing from the national banks on the basis of a low rate of interest in return for a special privilege, and is going to sell its bonds to the people at large, as is done by the governments of practically all other countries.

Before going on to consider the chances of success of the new issue, it may be well to note the extraordinary efforts made by the Secretary of the Treasury in the direction of what might be called the "popularization" of the loan. There are stories afloat about big bids which are to be made, but Secretary Mac Veagh is evidently taking no chances—it is the small man's bid he is relying on to make the issue a success, and it is in the interest of the small investor that the whole plan of the offering has been worked out. In the first place the "magnificent unit" of $1,000 has been abandoned and the bonds are to be issued in denominations of as low as $100. In the next place, it is specifically stated in the circular announcing the issue that "of two or more bidders offering the same price, those asking for the smaller amounts of bonds will receive priority in allotment." Again, it is provided that the bidder for an amount less than $1,000 is not required to put up a deposit at the time of making his bid, as is required of those who ask for larger amounts. And, finally, the circular contains a full description of the difference between "coupon" and "registered" bonds, strongly advising buyers to take the latter. If there were written across the face of the circular in red ink, "This loan is intended for the man of small means and of limited financial experience," the sentiment would hardly be more plainly expressed than the terms of the offering express it.

Will the offering be a success—can the United States Government sell $50,000,000 of three-per-cent. bonds at par or better? Not until the 17th of June, when the bids are opened, will that question be definitely settled. But, from all indications, when it is settled, it will be in the affirmative. Fifty million dollars is a lot of money and three per cent. is not what might be called a high rate of interest, but there is more than one reason for thinking that the offering will be many times oversubscribed, and that the average price paid for the bonds will be several points more than par.

Of these reasons the first and most important is the existence in this country of an immense fund of money, distrustful of banks and of securities of any kind, and mostly held by its owners in the form of cash. That there is a very large amount of this sort of money scattered all over the country is proved by the misers' hoards which are all the time being brought to light—there are just as many Silas Marners and Eugene Grandets in the United States as there are in England or France. That such a fund of money exists is further proved by the large remittances of cash which are constantly being made to other countries for safekeeping. And if there is any doubt as to the great size of this "invisible" fund, it ought to be set at rest by the success which has attended the inauguration of the postal-savings-bank system, and the really very large sum of money which has already been deposited in the few postal-banks opened. Bank deposits at these points show no loss; it is not from the established banks that the money which is going into the postal depositories is being taken. It *is* from the savings here and the savings there, kept in the form of cash, and which go to make up a fund the existence of which is hardly suspected until something happens to draw attention thereto.

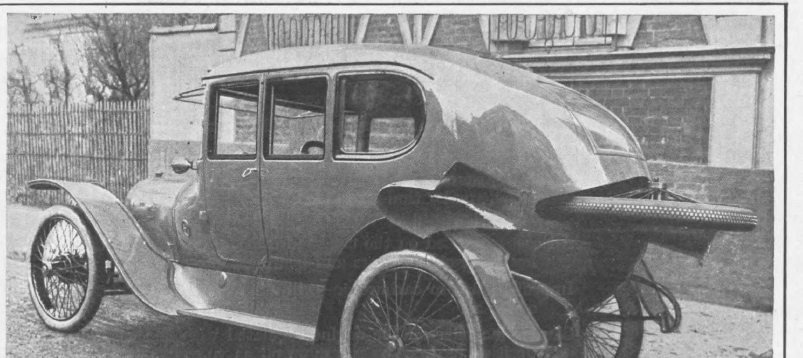
Will the new three-per-cent. government bonds prove attractive to the owners of this "invisible" fund? There is every reason to think that they will. From a strictly investment standpoint, a rate of three per cent. is rather low, but the hoarders in question are not investors at all, and a return of three per cent. is just three per cent. more than they are getting now. A large part of this hoarded cash is incapable of being drawn out by any inducement whatever, but among those who are afraid to bank their money or to put it into the ordinary run of securities there are a good many who would welcome the chance to put it into a bond issued by the United States Government. In all countries and at all times there has been something about government bonds which has made people who are afraid of every other kind of security willing to invest in them.

A second great reason why the forthcoming issue is likely to be a success is the fact that no popular government loans of this sort ever having been floated, there has never been any drain upon the supply of capital available for this form of investment. In England and France, and in fact in every leading country in the world, the last two decades have seen the investor called upon to take up one huge government loan after the other until totals have reached staggering figures. But in this country we have never had anything like that—no old-age-pension schemes, no excessive expenditures for armaments on land and sea. Compared with what the other great governments have borrowed during the past quarter of a century, the United States has borrowed almost nothing.

The great fund of money available for investment in government bonds has thus been allowed to pile up undisturbed. And with the increase in the country's wealth, this fund has grown to big proportions. A fifty-million-dollar bond issue will go but a little way toward satisfying the demand—in the opinion of many shrewd bond men the whole $291,000,000 authorized, were it to be issued at once, would be easily enough absorbed. All over the country there are people who would welcome a chance to put their money into government bonds were these to be had on a reasonable investment basis.

Concrete evidence is to be found in the price at which the bonds, "when issued," are being traded in in the open market in New York—a third strong reason for believing that the issue will be a big success. Because a price of 102 to 103 has been established, it is not by any means proved that the average of subscriptions will run that high; but the "open market's" estimate is apt to be a fair one, and the fact that a big amount of receipts for the bonds, "when issued," are changing hands above 102 certainly indicates strongly that the issue will be taken at at least a couple of points premium. In the case of industrial and railroad issues, the open market is not infrequently taken in hand and "rigged" for the effect it has on subscriptions, but this is a government issue, and the open market's estimate may be taken as a reasonably accurate reflection of prevailing sentiment as to what the bonds are actually worth.

For these three reasons—first, because of the existence of a great "invisible" fund a large part of which will readily go into a three-per-cent. government bond; second, because the whole amount available lies untouched by previous loans; and third, because the open market's valuation of the new bonds is established at several points over par—there is every prospect that the new loan will be a success. If it is, another long step will have been made toward getting the country's financial system on a sensible basis.



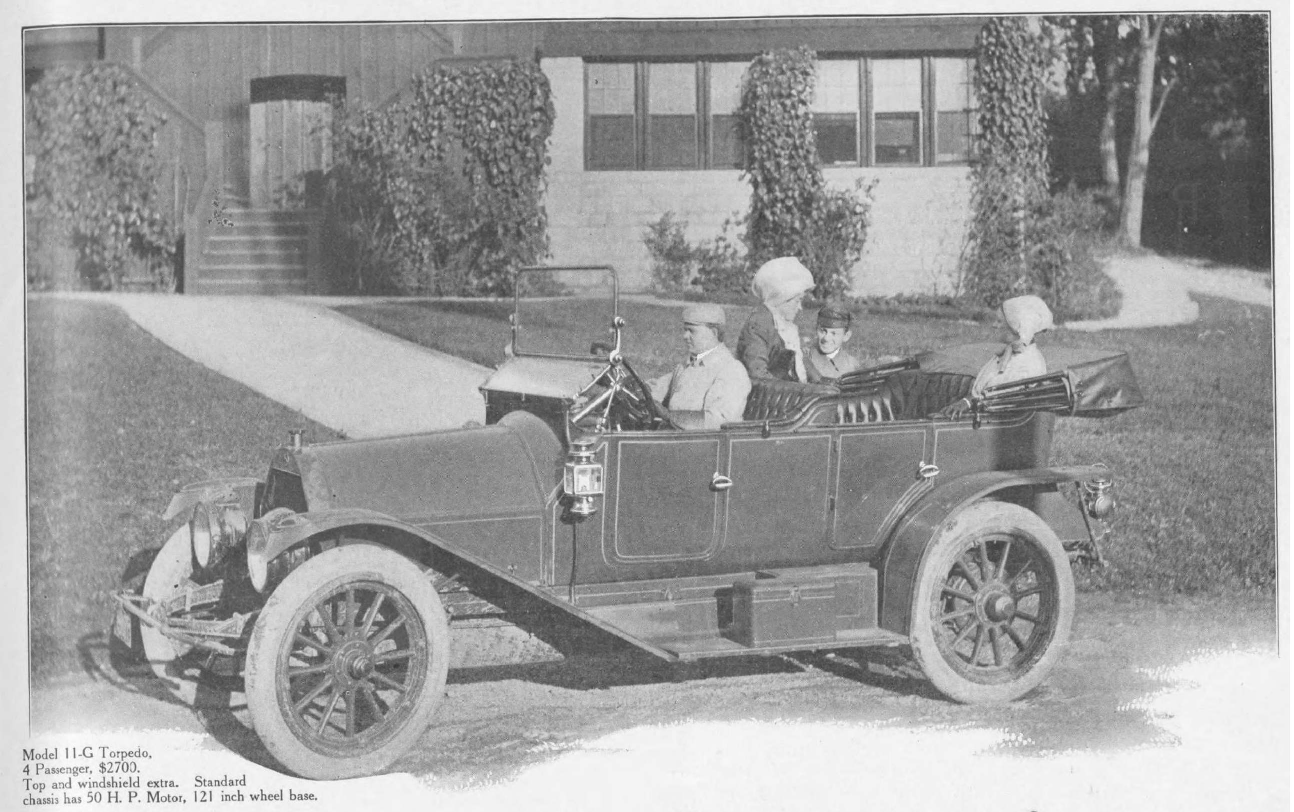
The new French automobile that will keep track of the aviator above

A Motor-car to Follow Aeroplanes



THE novel ideas of an aviator are expressed in the picture of the latest French automobile body shown herewith. It is to be used for following the cross-country flights of flying-machines and balloons. For such work the essentials are speed, freedom from dust, and an unobstructed view; hence the body has a stream-line form to offer the least possible wind resistance, and a smooth exterior unencumbered by battery-boxes, tool-boxes, spare tires, and such accustomed articles. In the roof and at the back of the body are two large glass windows that supplement those in the sides and front, enabling the passengers to scan the heavens in all directions. The car is entirely enclosed, including the operator's seat, so that the machine can be used with comfort in all weathers. The rear of the body is bullet- or egg-shaped, to reduce suction and prevent the raising of dust that would obscure the vision directly behind. Beneath the window in the rear is a storage compartment in which is carried a spare wheel with a ready-inflated tire fitted. This is carried in a horizontal position, and the compartment is closed by a pair of metal doors that conform to the shape of the tire and make a strange projection.

There are five seats in this car, all of the individual so-called "bucket" type, and the middle rear seat is set a little farther back than those on either side of it.



Model 11-G Torpedo, 4 Passenger, $2700. Top and windshield extra. Standard chassis has 50 H. P. Motor, 121 inch wheel base.

Here is the cause for the reaction from cars costing more than $3000

For four years the Speedwell has been solidifying public opinion against a higher price than $3000—for the most perfect possible motor car.

It was inevitable that a reaction should come.

Motor cars are bought, for the most part, by hard-headed business men, who have been uneasily conscious, for a long time, that they were taking a great deal for granted in the prices they have paid.

The Speedwell, by the self-evident lavishness of its construction and appointments, has crystallized that uneasy conviction.

It has hastened the day of the national awakening which is close at hand; and the doubt of the buyer is fast becoming a certainty.

Wherever the Speedwell has been sold it has sowed discontent in the minds of men owning cars which cost more money.

They could see nothing tangible in their own cars to justify the discrepancy and only the intangible element of social prestige to excuse it.

That fact irked and secretly annoyed them.

And when a goodly share of this same social prestige began, in turn, to be conferred upon the Speedwell—it was a foregone conclusion that public opinion would compel a new maximum price for the highest motor car quality.

So, the beautiful Speedwell has been the leaven which has spread enlightened dissatisfaction and intelligent inquiry.

Wherever and whenever the individual was persuaded to make close comparison, the result was inevitable.

Speedwell

No car costing more money can withstand such a minute comparison and justify itself for a price higher than the Speedwell price.

Wherever the Speedwell is intrenched—there the sale of cars costing more than $3000 begins to wane.

These individual conversions have now attained an aggregate so large and so influential that it may be set down as a foregone conclusion that the Speedwell will replace hundreds of costlier cars in every community in the country.

In the light of these assurances—in a spirit of unbelief, if you like in our ability to give you the uttermost possible value for $2500 to $2900—seek a Speedwell demonstration at the earliest possible moment.

In view of the prices which you must otherwise pay to secure an equal degree of elegance and efficiency, the Speedwell is undoubtedly the greatest motor car offering in this country today.

If you were offered, at the Speedwell price, any of the cars costing more than $3000, whose merit it more than matches, your investment would not be so fortunate.

We make this latter stipulation because the Speedwell, in our opinion, is the most beautiful car in America—and one whose distinction of design is not even approximated in any of the cars to which we have referred.

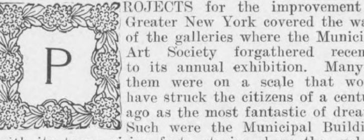
See your Speedwell dealer and put our promises up to him for verification.

Send for "The Speedwell," an interesting monthly devoted to motor car news.

The Speedwell Motor Car Company - 415 Essex Avenue, Dayton, Ohio

Adorning the Metropolis

By Charles de Kay

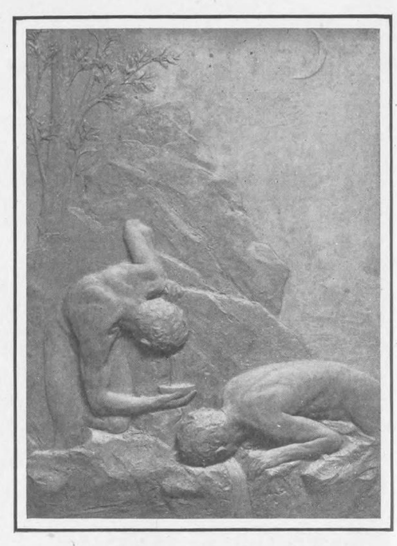


PROJECTS for the improvement of Greater New York covered the walls of the galleries where the Municipal Art Society forgathered recently to its annual exhibition. Many of them were on a scale that would have struck the citizens of a century ago as the most fantastic of dreams. Such were the Municipal Building, with its tower rising forty stories above the curb of Center Street, the bridge across the East River near Hunt's Point, the viaduct across Spuyten Duyvil Creek, the Kensico Dam near White Plains, and the bridges of the Catskill water-supply—all of them projects that will be carried out. But there were others proposed only; and among these we may choose three suggested by Mr. Harold van Buren Magonigle as a group for illustration, of which two are for definite localities in Manhattan Borough, while the third might be used as a decorative feature wherever a system of water-supply may call for a tablet commemorative of work completed.

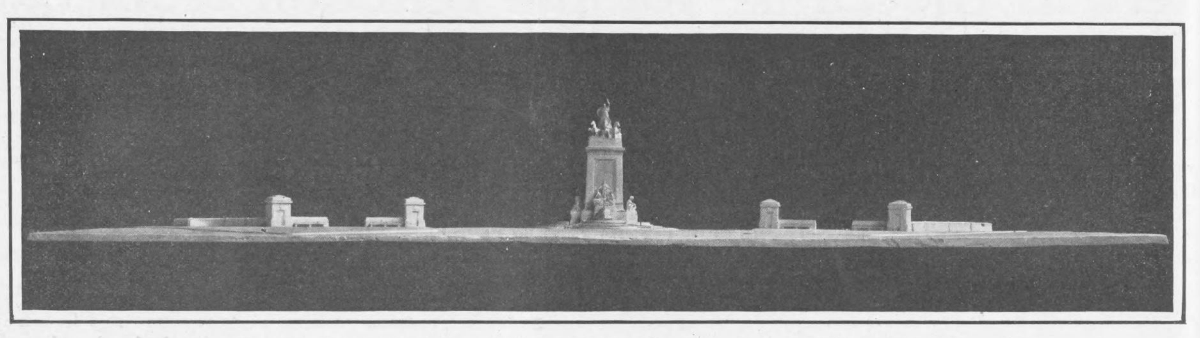
Various have been the suggestions for a water-gate at some spot on the river fronts of Manhattan. Years ago HARPER'S WEEKLY suggested one at Battery Park, where the boats from national and foreign fleets might land for pageants of reception. The ceremonies held for the Hudson-Fulton festivities gave rise to proposals for a water-gate at Riverside Park, since the war-ships are more conveniently anchored opposite the Palisades. The water-gate designed by Mr. Magonigle in honor of Robert Fulton bulks large against the steep acclivity of Riverside. It is arranged so as to stride across the railway that encumbers the shore, and advances two colonnaded wings into the river, wings that form breakwaters. Its chief feature is a magnificent flight of stairs up which the naval and military guests would march in an imposing procession. At the top they would be on the level of the avenue and beneath a grand colonnade, which extends north and south, having at its center a monument, perhaps a statue of Robert Fulton. As a grand stand for spectators of a water pageant this structure, with its lower colonnades supporting broad outlook platforms, and its vast spaces of stairway, would certainly have its uses. One imagines this structure crowded with people on such an occasion, alive and brilliant with colors, set against the foliage of Riverside Park and lighted with all the splendor of our vivid sunshine. Who knows? Perhaps this dream of an architect who feels that nothing can be too magnificent for the Empire City may some day come true.

The monument to the ill-fated crew of the *Maine* is much nearer realization, since the funds to erect it are here, and a place at the entrance to Central Park from Columbus Circle has been allotted. The monument is by Attilio Piccirilli of New York, the arrangement by Magonigle. It stands facing the Columbus monument at a point where two roadways sweep right and left into the Park. A tall, severely simple, square shaft carries a draped sea-goddess standing on her sea-chariot, which is drawn by three sea-horses. The shaft gives ample space for inscriptions on a scale to be read from afar. In front stands a draped female figure holding her hands in blessing over the heads of two seated men, while lower down is the prow of a galley with a nude boy holding out his hands in greeting. Flanking the shaft to right and left are seated colossal male figures, which may be intended to diminish the severity of the sides of the shaft.

The large bronze panel by Victor D. Brenner showing two youths quenching their thirst at a mountain rill is the decorative center for a monument to be erected in honor of some city's waterworks. For this Magonigle has designed an architectural setting adapting it to a background of masonry or natural rock. "At Nature's Breast" is the title of this big panel or plaque modeled in very low relief. One youth drinks directly from the stream that gushes from the rock; the other interposes a bowl; both are so eager to quench their thirst that they have thrown themselves down in attitudes which bring out very charmingly the fine lines of the back. It may be said, however, that in his desire to give life and expression to the eagerness of the thirsty ones the sculptor has forgot the public and hidden the faces of both. It would be better if he raised the head of the boy with a bowl so as to show the face. Perhaps it would be more natural also that the youth who has provided himself with that earliest form of human convenience would not have his face averted, but might well gaze with triumph at his less provident comrade. Mr. Brenner is a medalist of note and a master in low relief. This composition is novel and deserves further study. It was shown in Baltimore at the exhibition of the National Sculpture Society. Before being cast in bronze a good deal might be done to it in the way of minor details, without changing the general design. The most important if not the only thing one misses is the human face.



"At Nature's Breast," by Victor D. Brenner



The national monument in honor of the men of the "Maine," by Attilio Piccirilli (sculptor) and Harold Van Buren Magonigle (architect), to be erected on Eighth Avenue at Sixtieth Street

Money-making as an Art



TO say that Americans make the best bank-notes in the world may sound at first rather boastful, and yet any history of the art and industry of note-engraving which failed to record that fact would be incomplete. Paul Revere was the first American bank-note artist, and from the time of the chartering of the Bank of North America under the direction of Robert Morris, in 1781, up to the present, American engravers have excelled not only in the artistic quality of their designs, but in their provisions against counterfeiting.

Marco Polo found bank-notes in China ages ago, printed on paper made from the bark of the mulberry-tree. One of the notes, upon which the great Venetian traveler himself may have gazed, is on exhibition at this day in the office of an American company. It is one of a series issued by the Ming dynasty about 1399 A.D.—"current anywhere under heaven"—and seems to have been printed from wooden blocks on a sheet of paper nine by thirteen inches—a bigger surface than any man could cover with both hands outstretched. It is good for "one string of cash." The provision against forgery is simple to the point of severity—"Counterfeiters hereof will be executed. Persons giving information of counterfeiters will be rewarded with taels 250, and, in addition, will receive the property belonging to the criminal." The head of the emperor who gave the order and the lopped heads of the counterfeiters have long since mouldered into impalpable dust, the property of the criminal vanished and left not so much as a shade, but the faded old bank-note, pressed between sheets of glass and framed in carven teak, still croaks its harsh warning to him who can understand it.

Another great government has placed much dependence upon death as a deterrent to imitators of its promises to pay. When Jacob Perkins, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, invented the method of transferring designs from hardened steel plates to steel cylinders and retransferring to flat plates, thus enabling the engraver to devote the time necessary to accomplish his best work in the original and reproduce it at will, the new process aroused international interest. Mr. Perkins and his associates went to London in 1819, at the instance of the British Minister at Washington, to help the Bank of England issue notes not easily counterfeited. But the conservative old bank refused to adopt the new method, preferring, as one of the Americans said, to rely upon the hangman rather than the engraver. Nevertheless, the English began in time to follow American methods, after the geometric lathe had been invented by Asa Spencer, of New London, Connecticut, and improved by Cyrus Durand.

The governments of continental Europe depend exclusively upon color-work to protect their paper currency, and several of the large banks of issue have civil engineers in charge of their bureau of engraving and printing—though what connection there may be between engineering and engraving is a mystery. Many Italian bank-notes are easy to counterfeit. The Bank of Spain has of late abandoned its own plant, because its notes were imitated so successfully that counterfeits were accepted by the bank without question. A private concern now does its work. The Bank of Greece now uses the American method, having had sad experiences with notes of Austrian, German, and English fashioning.

A myth that probably will never die tells us that the notes of the Bank of England cannot be counterfeited. As a matter of fact, they can be imitated readily enough, for little attempt is made to protect the notes beyond the use of a water-mark paper. The water-mark can be easily copied. A sensitized gelatine film, soaked in cold water, after contact with an original water-mark, will show every detail in clear relief. A thin film of copper deposited upon this forms the basis upon which a matrix in celluloid is made. If a sheet of paper is pasted upon this matrix and rubbed with glass-paper, the exact water-mark is reproduced. Nevertheless, the shadow of the hangman still seems to deter English counterfeiters.

One practical safeguard of great effectiveness is the custom of the Bank of England to cancel every note that is returned to the bank and issue another in its place. This and the practice of keeping a record of the numbers of all bank-notes used in every business establishment, keep alive a keen sense of responsibility, which adds to security. The custom of circulating soiled bank-notes, of course, gives the counterfeiter his best opportunity. Forgery is much more readily detected in a crisp, stiff, new bill than in a rumpled and dirty one. The United States government recently has begun to wash old notes, press them and restore them to circulation. Probably the process of evolution will lead us in time to depend upon the printing-press rather than the laundry.

The American style of bank-note has become the standard in the countries of Central and South America. The experience of the Brazilian government led the way in this, after various disappointments. First the much-vaunted Austrian system was tried, the notes being engraved and printed in England under that system. They proved a complete failure. Counterfeiters flourished. The Brazilians tried bank-notes made in France, and these were promptly and extensively imitated as soon as the counterfeiters could get their plates and paper ready. Brazil tried German and English establishments, but still without securing protection to the bank-note circulation, and at last turned to the United States and found a type of bills practically impossible to counterfeit. So it is no boast but a mere record of fact to state that Americans make the best bank-notes in the world.

The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Mementos

No genuinely sentimental person keeps mementos. A sentimental person is one who likes to sweeten the future with aromas of the past, and whose first thought is to protect himself from any disillusion regarding aught in his life that has savored of the exquisite. Now nothing is as disillusioning as a momento. It is bald, unchanging. It refuses to take on that enhancing vagueness and beautifying reinterpretation which our memory manages with such ease to give to things that are past. To attach a rare experience or an alluring encounter to a letter is to reduce it to nothing more than a scrap of paper on which are written lines that once seemed pregnant with meaning but are now empty, conventional, and a shade mediocre in phrasing.

To have the most graceful things which have happened to us represented by objects of no beauty and little real symbolism is to refuse to those occasions most richly deserving the aid which our memory stands so ready to give them. The excuse for such a guarding of heterogeneous small objects is that in old age one will warmly enjoy looking them over. But the way to face old age with its happiness assured is to stand divested of mementos, trusting to that tender inaccuracy with which we always regard the past, to do its greatest for our ruminative moments.

There is something heavy-handed in keeping a ghastly clock because you and your husband bought it years ago together, and he has since died. It is to be daily reminded of the crudity of your young mutual task, whereas, if the clock were made away with, you could laugh lovingly at those monstrous early blunders, all their terrors happily discounted by the beauty of what has since replaced them.

A hot and perfectly justifiable resentment is felt if it is discovered that we have been treasured in the form of a soiled glove or dishearteningly dowdy photograph. We feel the unfairness of the person who, pretending to cherish our finest essence, thus niggardly held on to an indiscretion of our past. If he appreciate us more than others, it is for him, above every one, to take into account our yearly increment and to think of us as augmented, with lovely extensions which he should have the generosity to take on trust, though circumstances prevent his seeing us, or seeing us with the intimate eye once permitted him. At the time the treasured letter or photograph was received we read into it beauties a third person might have thought us mad to take so contentedly for granted. This makes by itself a sufficient reason why it should have been destroyed shortly after. Our very feeling for it ought to have prompted us to save it from a time when it would be looked at without the assistance we prodigally gave it in the beginning. The preserver of momentos appears, now that we have looked at him carefully, a person of inconceivable hardness of heart—one who almost treacherously gives life a chance to pass as paltry.

The Sleepy Housekeeper's Dilemma

A French scientist once said in a Sunday newspaper—Sunday newspapers would not be half as readable as they are if the obliging scientists did not contribute so generously and picturesquely—that it was dangerous to spring from a sound sleep and commence living at full speed. He even intimated that insanity might possibly result if a cold plunge were taken immediately after waking, his point being that the difference between sleep and wide-awake activity was so great. It is just this difference that, on his mentioning it, we recognized with leaping response. The difference is profound; it naturally cannot be safe to bridge it too rapidly. It should be broken to us gently; a day is a thing we must be reintroduced to gradually. Twelve minutes between absolute oblivion and pouring morning coffee for people with alert appetites is not enough. One's whole being is in protest and cries out: "But, good gracious! does no one realize that a mere second ago I was lost to the world, non-existent? To come from nothingness into full remembrance of how many lumps people take, and interest in extracts from the morning paper, as well as appreciation of fish and preference for lemon or no lemon—it is too much, truly. I am jarred to the center of my ego, there is a something cataclysmic in such a process. It is like thinking you were a mossy hill and finding yourself an erupting volcano. It is not so much the volcano that makes you erupt as your dismay and general discouragement. The French scientist must be right; to be rushed into wakefulness in such a precipitate manner is dangerous.

Rabbits and Periwinkles

The laws of nature are eternally disquieting. When baby rabbits play on the lawn, looking like birds grown too fat to fly, one feels they are the most bewitching objects in the world. Their infantile roundness and trick of turning their back when they hear you, as though a rear view were a thing invisible to the human eye, are attributes rendering them such delicious babies that it seems impossible they should be grandfathers in the fewest possible weeks. You tiptoe about for fear of disturbing them, and worship the brown dots they make in the sunlight. Then suddenly periwinkles planted by you are discovered in a state of nibbled desolation, and forget-me-nots that were just getting ready to have buds of their own are found gnawed and reduced to ragged roots. Your leaden heart unfolds the suspicion that sin and iniquity are contained in those infinitesimal brown bundles. You still adore them, but there is a something—not precisely a reservation or an *arrière pensée*, but a faint gray fear that the world may not be arranged as perfectly as it might be. Then one day your terrier shoots past, a white streak of muscular energy and brute intention, and afterward you see him looking hypocritically aloof and unconcealably content. You look at that terrier and wonder if he ought to be thrashed. You look at your periwinkles and wonder and wonder and wonder.

The President's Military Map

There is in the offices of the White House a map twenty feet long and eight feet high, which indicates, at a glance, the military information needed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

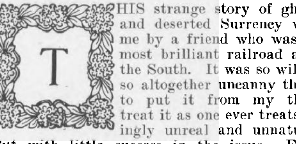
This map represents the entire world. Different colors show at once the possessions of twelve great powers. Submarine cables, railways, steamship lines, mail routes, are all distinctly traceable.

The naval and military forces of the various nations are indicated by miniature flags. Those representing the United States bear the names of commanders, and are readily shifted as the forces move from place to place.

The cavalry, artillery, and infantry are represented by flags of their respective colors—yellow, red, and white—giving the number of the regiment and the letter of the troop, battery, or company. Even the smallest hospital corps is marked by a tiny red cross. Ships of every class are shown by red, white, and blue flags bearing the name of each and the number of her guns.

The Ghosts of Surrency

By Ittie K. Reno



HIS strange story of ghost-haunted and deserted Surrency was told to me by a friend who was one of the most brilliant railroad attorneys in the South. It was so wild, so weird, so altogether uncanny that I sought to put it from my thoughts, to treat it as one ever treats such seemingly unreal and unnatural things. But with little success in the issue. For its very horrors and gruesomeness had taken my imagination captive, and, after much hesitation, I decided, finally, to go to that distant, desolated spot within fifty miles of the coast of Georgia and to get the facts in the remarkable case for my own satisfaction.

It was with an unwonted tumult of heart-throbs and a rather disquieting tingle of nerves that I first beheld Surrency, the original abode of that name. The house, as the picture shows, is a double, frame structure two stories high, with a wing in the rear, and is both roomy and comfortable, and far more imposing than any in the vicinity. Though deserted all these years and bearing the unmistakable scars of wind and storm and desolation, it is in a state of preservation scarcely to have been expected.

The gates and outside doors are all boarded, the shutters hang loosely from their hinges, while some are entirely missing, and many of the windows are broken, and the wind sweeps through the old house with a mournful sound as though lamenting its ruin and desolation.

Mr. Surrency, who is a living witness to the story he told me, is possibly sixty years of age. He is the presiding magistrate of the little railway station of Surrency.

"My father's name," he said, in answer to my query, "was A. P. Surrency. He built our old home there away back in the forties, and he, with my mother, brothers, and sisters, lived there many happy years before the troubles came that finally drove us from the old place to seek a new home.

"Though not rich, my father was in comfortable circumstances, and this old farm, with another plantation that he owned, about five miles from here, was well stocked and cultivated with intelligent care, and the results, of course, were good and profitable returns. He was respected and prominent in our little community of farmer friends and neighbors. One afternoon in the summer of 1867 my mother was sewing in her bedroom, that first room to the left of the entrance in the old house there. She had often assured me, in speaking of the circumstance, of her quiet happiness at that time. Her children were all with her for the long vacation, her household was well ordered and pleasant, and she and my father were prospering and happy. She was suddenly startled by an unaccustomed noise. Hers was a calm, placid nature, unknown to the nervous strain of the present time, and, with nothing to fear, she feared nothing. She merely glanced up from her work for a moment and then went on with her sewing.

"Again came the strange sound, but this time mother did not accord it the dignity of her attention. Again, and yet again, it came, with ever-lessening intervals, and when my mother, interested in spite of herself, finally looked up, she was amazed to see the pitcher in the bowl on the wash-stand rocking back and forth. She was alone in the room at the time, so she got up and went over to the pitcher to see if any string or wire were attached to it, for a mother of mischievous boys is rarely taken by surprise; but she found none, and investigation assured her that all her boys were out of the house and that she was indeed alone.

"She resumed her former seat and her sewing, and was about to conclude that the strange occurrence would not be repeated, when she was amazed to see the pitcher lift itself several inches from the bowl and then settle down into it again with a loud noise. This was repeated several times, then the pitcher was lifted entirely out of the bowl and placed, with deliberate care, beside it on the wash-stand.

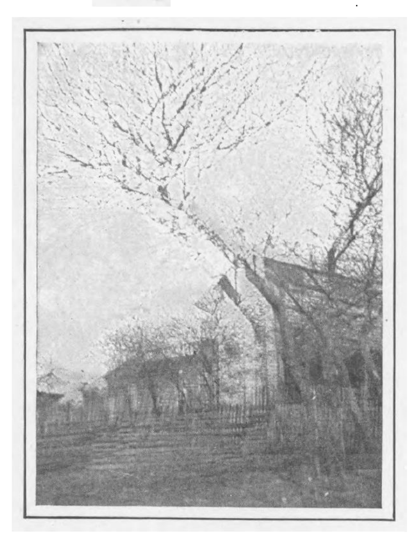
"Immediately after this the bowl was flung from the wash-stand and fell in a shower of fragments at my mother's feet; and in quick succession the smaller pieces of the entire toilet set followed and added their several little heaps to the débris on the floor. Then, as if done by invisible hands, the larger pitcher on the wash-stand was lifted and poised on its side, so that the clear spring water it contained was poured slowly from it on the carpet, and, when quite emptied, it was lifted high and flung with much violence to the floor, where it was entirely shattered."

From that day the peace and quiet of the happy old homestead were destroyed and were never again reestablished.

At first the demonstrations were confined to the dining-room and Mr. Surrency's mother's bedroom, but, after a few days, they spread until there was not a room in the house free from the annoying and frightful phenomena. At all hours of the day and night and at the most unexpected times doors and windows would be suddenly and violently flung open or shut; the heavy, old-fashioned furniture would creak and groan; then, as if moved by unseen giants, it would rush from its place in a mad dance about the room, and would either move quickly back to its accustomed place or would be dashed to splinters on the floor with a noise like thunder.

There was, of course, constant and imminent danger to the family in these manifestations, for scarcely a day passed without pictures or mirrors falling from the walls, the toppling over and complete wrecking of canopied beds, great, heavy wardrobes and bureaus, tables, and chairs, and on several occasions some of the younger children, being caught under falling objects, received serious wounds and bruises and severe nervous shocks, while, again, other members of the family barely escaped death.

The father and mother of the family had become by this time thoroughly mystified and unhappy, and the constant wrecking of their furniture and other household effects had become quite a serious matter, for in six months they had been forced to refurnish the house six separate times. They were constantly alarmed for their own and their children's safety.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

This picture of the deserted house of Surrency was made by the author, who had taken the precaution to procure the best of cameras and to have it filled with special care. There was, therefore, no reason why many good pictures should not have been obtained, yet all were failures, except this one, which is indistinct and gives only an imperfect view of the old house. It was taken in the presence of Mr. Surrency and other members of the author's party. No one else was in sight, but, even had there been, it is evident none could have "stood" for the pictures of the two women's heads, for the pose is impossible. The other "faces" act as dissolving views, for it is rare that the same one is seen twice in the myriads of faces that come and go constantly.

To get the best view of the strange effects in the picture, it should be held inverted. Then, instantly, will be seen the heads and shoulders of two women in the upper right corner of the photograph, the heads just touching the top of the old rail fence. In addition to these are countless shadowy and less distinct faces of men, women, and children, and figures of owls, birds, dogs, and horses, that appear and fade away, only to reappear again and again, in the grass, the fences, through the trees, and over the housetops. That such effects should be found in any picture would be weird in the extreme, but the coincidence of their appearing in the photograph of a house considered haunted for nearly fifty years gives increased interest to the story of the ghosts of Surrency.

This picture has been examined by several expert photographers. One of them has said of it: "In all my experience I have seen nothing like this strange picture. One point, notably, the tree in the foreground, which shows double, would suggest a slip in the camera; but a slip at one point would necessitate a uniform slip throughout the entire plane of the plate, and this the picture does not show. Even if it did, that could not account for the appearance of the heads of the two women in the picture, or of the more mysterious and elusive faces and figures which come and go. It puzzles, it baffles me, I frankly admit."

Being now thoroughly unnerved, they were earnestly discussing the advisability of moving to their other farm, several miles away, when something occurred which made them come to a sudden and definite decision.

Here, Mr. Surrency, who had been talking all this time in a low monotone, raised his voice a trifle, and, pointing to the front room on the right of the entrance of the homestead, said, with a vibrating excitement in his voice:

"It occurred in there. That was our sitting-room, and one afternoon in February, just as I entered the hall, I glanced into it and saw my elder brother, Robert, leaning over a table, reading. A low fire was flickering in the open fireplace, and several logs that had burned through had fallen apart and rolled from the andirons to the hearth. I wished particularly to speak with my brother, and called to him, but he was so absorbed in his book he did not hear me.

"Just as I entered the room, I noticed a commotion on the hearth, when, to my surprise, I saw one of the huge andirons lift itself from the fire and begin to move across the room. It gathered momentum as it went and rose swiftly in the air, till it reached the level of my brother's head, when it dealt him a blow on the temple. He sprang to his feet, bleeding profusely, while I grasped the andiron in my hands, trying thus to shield him; but I might as well have essayed to hold a thunderbolt, for it wrenched itself free from my grasp and struck him again on the head.

"'Run,' I called to him, 'run for your life! If you stay here you will be killed and I cannot help you.' The boy did run out of the room and the andiron followed, striking him heavily till the poor victim fell unconscious and covered with blood at our mother's feet. Then the andiron moved slowly across the hall, entered the sitting-room, and resumed its accustomed place on the hearth.

"The next day," said Mr. Surrency, "my father moved the entire family to the other farm, leaving the old home here closed. We took nothing but our clothes, for the other home was furnished, and my parents thought it best to leave everything here undisturbed. A long illness followed my brother's frightful experience with the andiron, for several of his wounds were ugly, and the shock produced a fever that came very nearly proving fatal."

"Did you find the peace in the new home, Mr. Surrency, that you went there to seek?" I questioned.

"For a brief time only," was the response. "For a week or ten days we enjoyed absolute freedom and quiet. Then quite suddenly the strange manifestations began again with increased power and persistence. They did not vary much in character from what we had experienced in this house, but their reappearance at all was, to say the least, disconcerting.

"At first we tried to keep the matter secret, but we found it was impossible. Then my father freely discussed it with any who chanced to mention it to him. I remember," said the narrator, musingly, "that, soon after we moved from the old home here, Foster, the great medium and clairvoyant of that time, called on my father to question him about the phenomena. My father told him the whole story and Foster became intensely interested.

"'I should like,' said he, 'to spend a week in that old home of yours, Mr. Surrency, with some friends of mine who are also mediums and spiritualists, to investigate it thoroughly. May I hope to gain your consent?'

"'Certainly,' said my father; 'stay as long as you like, and invite whom you please, and I hope you will be able to explain the affair to me.'

"Foster and his friends remained in the house there a week, and then he called on my father again, and said:

"'Mr. Surrency, I have witnessed all the phenomena which you mentioned, and many more, under strictly test conditions, and I can and do assure you that they are due entirely to spirit control. I saw no materializations, but I asked the spirits why they had driven you from your home, and, through raps on the table, I received this reply: "The entire Surrency family is strongly psychic and mediistic, especially Miss Clementine Surrency; therefore we have sought to make them recognize our power, for we have need of them, and especially of Miss Surrency, to deliver our message to the world."'

"If there was more, Foster did not divulge it. But the news of our singular misfortune spread afar, and people, many of them distinguished in the various positions of life, came from all parts of the country to see and investigate for themselves. Among the prominent Georgians who came for that purpose were Henry Grady; Bridges Smith, at one time Mayor of Macon; and Henry Pendleton, editor of the Macon *Telegraph*."

Mr. Surrency then assured me that as soon as his father became convinced that he had not been benefited by the move he had so recently made, he decided to abandon both houses, which seemed to him accursed. So he had a small cottage built a little distance down the railroad on some other property of his, which really was the actual founding of our little town of Surrency.

And while the new home was being constructed the father and mother thought it best to send their daughter, Clementine, away on a visit, for the repeated shocks she had undergone were telling heavily against her strength.

"So father and I drove over here with sister one day," Mr. Surrency said, with much earnestness, "for her to pack in a trunk many things she needed for her visit, which she had left here. She ran up to her room and father and I waited there on the front porch. Finally she closed the outside shutters of the room and joined us, saying the trunk was ready for us to carry down.

"At that moment we heard a noise, as if some heavy object was being dragged over the floor, then the crash of wood and glass, and in a moment more my sister's trunk was lying on the lawn there, burst open, and all her outfit torn to shreds.

"We made a thorough search through the house, but we found it all locked and barred as we had left it a few months before, and it was untenanted save by ourselves at that moment. Yet my sister's trunk had been dragged across the floor and hurled through the closed sash and shutters by the same unseen agencies that had, for nearly a year, destroyed the happiness of our home.

"'The house is truly accursed,' said my father, 'and from this day none of us shall enter here again.' That was over forty years ago, and not one of us has ever crossed the threshold of the old home since."

The Trade-rat

THIS is the name given in Nebraska and other States of the West to a queer little animal which, in its general appearance, resembles the common Norway rat, but is smaller and of a lighter color, being almost white on the under parts. Its tail is short and covered with fine hair; its eyes are large and mild, like those of the rabbit.

This little fellow has his home in the timber, usually in a hollow elm or pine tree, from which he makes frequent forays upon the nearest farm in quest of provisions, such as grain, vegetables, and so on. But, unlike some animals of a higher order, he is strictly honest, and takes nothing without giving something in return. That is why he is called the "trade-rat."

A Nebraska man had an opportunity to make some interesting observations concerning this animal. He was then living near a tract of timber, and for convenience had some corn piled in a corner of the stable.

One morning, on going into the stable, he noticed an ear of corn lying apart from the pile, with about one-fourth of the grains missing, while close by, in a neat little heap, were several freshly cut willow twigs and a few pine cones. A careful examination was made of the different articles that the owner had acquired by this one-sided transaction, and these were left just as they had been found.

The next morning the investigator found that he had lost some more corn, while the pile of twigs and cones had increased in size, and a few small, round pebbles had been added to it.

Thinking that his nocturnal trader had much the better of the bargain, the owner removed the corn. The next day, while working about the barn, he caught sight of a rat sitting contentedly on a log and watching him with his little eyes, as if he would ask, "How many cones or pebbles for an ear of corn?"

Our Geographical Names

WHILE most of the States of the Mississippi Valley, besides countless rivers and lakes in all parts of the country, bear Indian names, but a small number only of the towns that are the work of the white man have adopted names borrowed from the original owners of the land. Not one in ten, it has been pointed out, of the one hundred and fifty large cities has an Indian name, and among those that have it is usually an adoption from some neighboring lake or stream.

The early explorers and settlers have left their racial marks. Up the Hudson and Mohawk the trail of the Dutchman is pretty clear. The French influence in Northern New York and Vermont and along the line of the Great Lakes is familiar in many names. Mississippi has no "saints" in its list, whereas, across the river, Louisiana, by nine parishes and many towns, rivers, and lakes, perpetuates the religious tenets of its early settlers. Kentucky and Tennessee evidence the vocabulary of the hunter and trapper; Montana and Idaho that of the miner. All the region acquired from Mexico, particularly Southern California, maintains in its place-names the memory of its Spanish explorers and settle . There are relatively few Indian names on the Pacific coast. North of the Spanish belt capes and towns frequently reflect the loyalty of early settlers to the older States of the Union.

The Attack of the Octopus

THERE have been made abroad experiments with an octopus, in a specially devised tank of sea water, in order to test the truth of the many stories told of monster cephalopods dragging human victims to the sea-bottom.

In the tank with the octopus there was placed a "dummy" of the same specific gravity as a man, and this was baited with a crab. Attracted by this tempting morsel, the octopus made for the figure, seized it in its powerful arms, and tried to drag it underwater, without success. It then urged its body toward the edge of the tank, and, holding the glass with some of its arms, it dragged its prey beneath the surface and crushed the crab-shell with its powerful jaws.

It is believed that these experiments afford proof that the octopus can only drag its victims far below the water near rocks to which it can attach its suckers. There is one spot in the Bay of Naples where these creatures attain a large size, and now and then a fisherman is reported missing. It is thought that such disappearances are due to the unfortunate man being caught by the leg by a concealed octopus and dragged underwater. In the case of such a repulsive and powerful creature as the octopus it is difficult to separate fact from fiction.

The Giant Growth of an Infant Industry

By THOMAS DEXTER

More than a million people are directly dependent upon the making of motor-cars. There are a score of cities whose chief industry is the manufacture of automobiles and their accessories. Throughout the United States more than two million persons ride an average of twenty-five miles every day in automobiles. If one wishes to figure out how many miles a year this would be in the aggregate the calculation will be easy, but the result will be astounding. Gasoline used to be a petroleum by-product that was thought little of. The automobile industry consumes nearly four million barrels of gasoline a year now. This item of freight would fill about 35,000 railroad cars which, if they were coupled together, would stretch from New York to Salt Lake City. The value of the production of automobiles in the United States in 1910, if put in the form of dollar bills, would make five hundred tons of money.

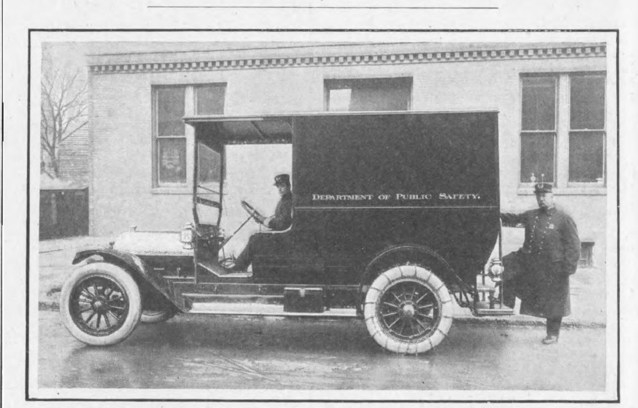
The American automobile has grown to be one of our biggest manufactured articles of export. It has invaded practically every country in the world. Our exports of motor-cars last year were valued at more than eleven million dollars. This is about three times as much as the value of our exports for 1906. American cars are now found in such far-away places as Egypt, the Canary Islands, the Straits Settlements down under the Equator, China, Japan, Turkey, and New Zealand.

Meanwhile the number of automobiles imported from Europe has steadily declined. The principal reason why American automobiles are selling so largely abroad is that the American builder turns out a complete machine ready for use and at a reasonable price. Many of the big automobile companies of the United States have found it profitable to establish agencies in various parts of the world, and some of them have built factories abroad.

The selling of automobiles is a great industry in itself, especially in New York and Chicago. "Automobile Row," in New York City, extends from Forty-seventh Street to Seventy-sixth, and overflows into most of the intersecting thoroughfares. The receipts of these salesrooms are estimated at sixty million dollars a year, which means that they dispose of nearly thirty-five thousand machines. About twenty thousand of these are for use in the metropolis for passenger purposes. The remainder are trucks and delivery wagons. On Broadway, within the limits named, nearly a hundred agencies and branch houses sell ninety-five different makes of cars exclusive of cars manufactured in foreign lands. Most of these agencies have territories that are of great extent. Some of them manage the selling forces at work in a dozen States. More than two thousand automobile salesmen are hard at work every day in New York City alone. The gross income of these agencies, assuming that there is a profit of twenty-five per cent. on each car sold, is about $15,000,000. The average expense of maintenance of each one of the sales and show rooms is in the neighborhood of $20,000 a year.

In Chicago the number of makers represented in the automobile district is rather greater than it is in New York City, but the number of cars sold is less, about twenty-five thousand in all. Of this Chicago itself buys about fifteen thousand, and the territory outside the remainder. The average price of the cars sold in Chicago is said to be $1,650. The reason for this is that in Chicago and the vicinity there are more automobile owners of modest means than there are in New York.

Many persons think that an automobile is short-lived. This is an error. A car will not go on forever, of course, but if it is taken care of it is well nigh indestructible unless it is smashed up. With minor changes in body and accessories, any good car will last ten or a dozen years before it becomes too decrepit for use. Some of the very oldest made are still doing good service.



DAYTON'S NEW AUTOMOBILE POLICE-CAR

THE POLICE-PATROL CAR WHICH HAS JUST BEEN PURCHASED BY THE CITY OF DAYTON, OHIO. IT IS ALSO USED AS AN EMERGENCY AMBULANCE

The German Latch-key

Locksmithing in Germany is to-day as important a trade as plumbing, blacksmithing, or the vocation of the barber, says Consul Robert J. Thompson, of Hanover, in a recent report. The first lock and key were introduced into Prussia in the fourteenth century, and caused a considerable sensation at the palace of the Elector of Brandenburg. He found that by this device he could do away with the guard at his private doors, and thus materially reduce his household expenses. Since that day the *Schlosser*, or locksmith, has been an essential factor in German life.

The present German house-key could be used as a weapon of attack and defense, besides serving its original purpose. It weighs on an average about one-eighth of a pound; and, as each person entitled to carry a house and corridor key has nearly a quarter of a pound of soft iron in his pocket, it is conservatively estimated that the amount of iron in circulation in Germany in the pockets of the men and in the hand-bags of women amounts to 2,695 tons, besides an additional 2,560 tons for the keys to the interior of German homes. Thus something over 5,000 tons of iron are put into keys of a size to be found nowhere in America. However large the house or numerous the apartments, the outer door is locked promptly at ten o'clock; and, as the German spends many of his evenings out, every person carries at least one of these massive keys to effect an entrance.

The modern scientific locks and small light keys manufactured and used in America ought to appeal to the German.

A Cross of Pearls

The extraordinary pearl, or, rather, cluster of pearls, known as the "Southern Cross," is probably the most remarkable example of its kind that nature has ever produced. So far as is known, it occupies a unique position among pearls. It consists of nine pearls naturally grown together in so regular a manner as to form an almost perfect Latin cross.

This pearl was discovered by one Clark while he was pearl-fishing at Roeburn, West Australia, in 1874.

At first glance it might be supposed that the component pearls of the cross had been artificially grouped together. A minute examination under strong light and high magnifying power, however, dispels any idea of artificiality.

The pearl has changed hands many times. At the last account it was owned by an Australian syndicate.

Madness

THE lonely farm, the crowded street,
  The palace and the slum,
Give welcome to my silent feet
  As, bearing gifts, I come.

Last night a beggar crouched alone,
  A ragged helpless thing;
I set him on a moonbeam throne—
  To-day he is a king.

Last night a king in orb and crown
  Held court with splendid cheer;
To-day he tears his purple gown
  And moans and shrieks in fear.

Not iron bars, nor flashing spears,
  Nor land, nor sky, nor sea,
Nor Love's artillery of tears
  Can keep mine own from me.

The old gods fade, the young gods rise
  And rule their little day,
And where the dead Apollo lies
  Can Christ or Buddha say?

Serene, unchanging, ever fair,
  I smile with secret mirth
And in a net of mine own hair
  I swing the captive earth.

JOYCE KILMER.



HOW LONDON FITS THE CAP

THIS DUMMY PEERESS, SURROUNDED BY CORONETS OF VARIOUS KINDS, IS ON EXHIBITION IN A SHOP ON BOND STREET, LONDON, AND ATTRACTS LARGE CROWDS DAILY

The Protean Sausage

WHILE in this country one may purchase many varieties of sausage, it is to Westphalia, Prussia, that we must look for the sausage in all its glory. There, it is said, a trader will name you no fewer than four hundred different kinds, and they present a bewildering array of divers substances in their composition.

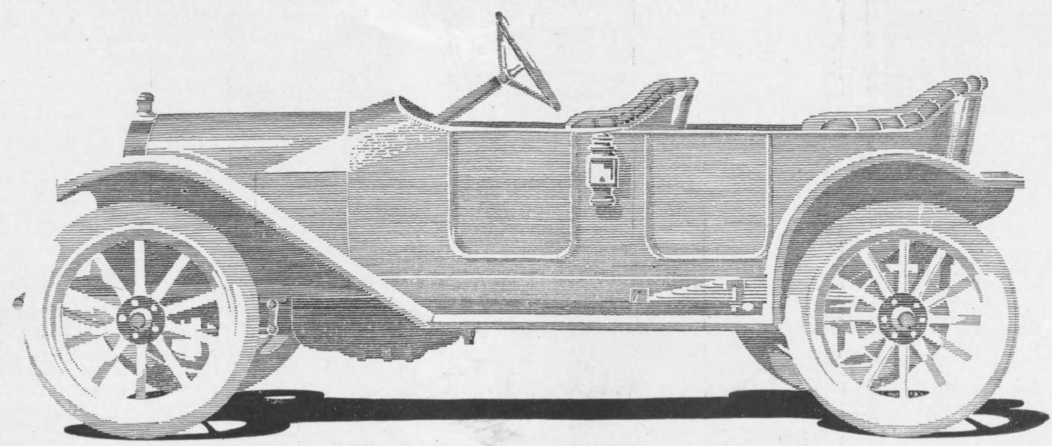
At a German sausage exhibition held not so long ago at Berne, in Switzerland, there were displayed one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five kinds of sausage from various countries. It is said that a good German would rather invent a new sausage than anything else. At any rate, there is told the story of the young Prussian who, though he had received an expensive training as a chemist, shut himself up in his laboratory and, instead of devising a new dye, safety-match, motor-engine, explosive, aeroplane, or photographic lens, took pork, veal, olives, pepper, fennel, old wine, cheese, apples, cinnamon, and herrings' roes, and from them evolved a wonderful and totally original "wurst," the best of its kind. He has amassed a considerable fortune from its sale.

Soft-capped Projectiles

MANY persons know that certain armor-piercing shells have soft metal caps on the point, with the result of greater effectiveness over those not so provided; but the way in which the cap acts is not generally well understood.

A needle may be driven into a board with a hammer when it is thrust through a cork, whereas it would break off unsupported. Many have thought that the soft cap supports the hard point of the projectile in the same way. A British authority, who has given much study to the mutual action of projectile and armor, states that a shell frequently fails because of the fact that a very small piece of the point is forced back into the mass, thus splitting it. A larger piece is then similarly forced back, and so on. The main advantage of the soft cap, in the opinion of this authority, is to prevent such splitting.

1912 KING 36



The King "Silent 36"

The Car with a Thousand Less Parts

A Limited Number of the Advance Models of the 1912 King Car will be Delivered in June and July. Make it a Point to See this Car as Soon as it Arrives in Your City.

The King Car was designed in Europe, by an American designer of wide practical and technical experience and standing.

Mr. Charles B. King, looking forward to the car that would meet ultimate American conditions, spent two years in the automobile centers of Europe, noting and studying the most advanced ideas, with an eye toward applying them to American conditions.

Returning to America, he spent two years more developing and perfecting his plans.

At no time was he rushed or urged by the company behind him to turn his work over to the production department until he himself was satisfied with it.

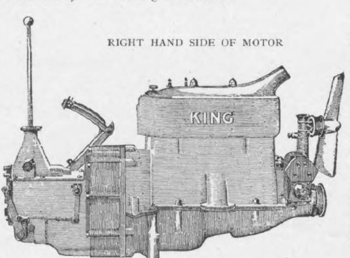
The result of this unusual care is evident, even to the man who has not had experience with motor cars. The simplification of every unit, the small number of parts throughout the car, the harmonious, well-balanced lines, the patented King spring suspension, are but a few of the points of superiority that appeal to the man who looks over a King "Silent 36."

The King Car is so thoroughly high class in every feature that it merits the careful consideration of every prospective purchaser of a motor car, even those who start with the intention of paying twice the selling price of the King.

Features of the King "36"

MOTOR Four cylinders cast enbloc; long stroke 5⅜ inches, bore 3 13-16 inches. Extra large exhaust manifold cast as part of motor. Extra heavy two bearing crankshaft.

RIGHT HAND SIDE OF MOTOR



VALVES Openings 1 15-16 inches in diameter. All mechanism enclosed in dust proof chamber—no noise. Valves all on left side set at angle so that inlet and exhaust open directly into cylinders.

TRANSMISSION Selective; 3 speeds forward and reverse. All gears ground for quietness. Control lever enters direct into gear shifting forks, eliminating toggle joints, rocker shafts, etc. All parts self lubricating.

COOLING Thermo-syphon system. Fan of the two-blade, aeroplane type, with true generated pitch.

LUBRICATION The encased fly-wheel is used to carry the oil to an elevated trough which in turn delivers oil to all gears and bearings, eliminating the unreliable oil pump. Suitably inclined channels carry it back to the reservoir. Every part of engine or clutch is properly oiled.

CONTROL Only one hand lever is used. This is in the center of the car, but takes up no room that could be used for anything else. For proper steering, the wheel is placed on the left side. This allows the right hand to be used to operate the gear shifting lever.

WHEEL BASE 115 inches.

KING PATENT SPRING SUSPENSION An unique feature of the King "36" is the patented, long, flat spring of new design, having shock absorber effect and insuring the easiest riding qualities thus far attained on any car. This rear spring is pivotly supported near its center, to the frame. Its forward end is also supported on the frame. The rear end operates in shackles mounted on the rear axle. This spring eliminates much of the road shock experienced in the ordinary car with any other kind of spring, and does away entirely with all "side swing," thus helping the car to "hold the road" under high speed. This easy riding spring suspension insures long life to tires.

SIMPLIFIED TRANSMISSION

PRICES.—Fore Door Touring Car complete with $300 worth of equipment, including 34x4 quick detachable tires, demountable rims and extra rim, Mohair top, Bosch dual system ignition, windshield, gas tank, gas lamps, oil lamps, horn, tools, complete **$1565**

Roadster complete with same full equipment as touring car **$1565**

AGENCIES—Owing to the great demand and the rather limited output of the King Car for this season, we are only seeking dealers in the larger cities. For the present we want to establish agencies only in territory where we can take good care of them. Later, as our output is increased, we shall be glad to appoint Dealers in every small city

THE KING MOTOR CAR CO. **DEPT. N** **DETROIT, U. S. A.**

Catching the Cobra

It is said that of all reptiles the cobra is the most passionately fond of music, and that it may easily be enticed from its hiding-place by the notes of the violin or of a bagpipe. In India it very seldom hears any but the first instrument, and those bent upon its capture take advantage of the cobra's weakness for the violin.

When a cobra is found to have taken up its abode in the neighborhood of an Indian dwelling, it is customary to send for professional snake-charmers, who at once proceed to work upon the snake's love of music.

One man will play a tune near the place supposed to be occupied by the cobra. It slowly emerges from its hiding-place, and takes up a position in front of the player. It then becomes the business of this man to hold the attention of the snake while a companion undertakes his capture.

The second man, with a handful of fine dust, creeps up behind the cobra. The casting of the dust upon the snake startles it, and for a moment it falls its full length upon the ground. Brief as this period may be, however, it suffices for the purpose of the assistant snake-catcher. With a lightning-like movement he seizes the cobra by the neck just below the head.

If it be deemed desirable to extract the fangs at once, the captor presses his thumb on the throat of the snake, thus compelling it to open its mouth, when the fangs are drawn with a pair of pincers.

Should, however, as not infrequently happens, the operator desire to keep the cobra intact for the time being, the musician comes to his fellow's aid, forcibly unwinds the coils, and places the body of the cobra in a basket. The head only is left protruding, this being held by the other man. The lid is then pressed down to prevent the cobra from wriggling out. Then, suddenly, the captor thrusts the head in, and bangs down the lid.

Sometimes music is employed to draw from the cobra its venom, needed for medicinal or experimental purposes. The musician's assistant arms himself with a large plate covered with a thick plantain leaf. While the snake is engaged with the music, he sits down immediately in front of the cobra. It is too much engrossed to notice the man until such time as the music abruptly ceases. Then the snake, recalled to existing surroundings, strikes at the man who is nearest.

But the snake-man has been waiting for this. Swift as the thrust may be, he is just as swift. He interposes the plate, and receives the blow on it. The poison goes through the puncture in the leaf, and is deposited on the plate. It is a thick, albuminous fluid, resembling the white of an egg. One drop of it communicated to the blood is enough to cause death within a very short time to any warm-blooded creature.

Moving Guns by Machinery

The British military authorities have been experimenting with a new and novel oil-fuel traction engine designed for hauling artillery of the heaviest type over all kinds of roads and across rough country and up hills. The engine weighs eight tons, and is of seventy horse-power, with a maximum speed of eight miles an hour.

What appears to be quite a new principle in locomotion is applied in this engine, which, instead of traveling in the ordinary way, rolls along on an endless track that it lays for itself. This track is something like a great chain of steel links, the outside of each being shod with blocks of wood, which act like the sleepers of a permanent way. This track enables the engine to pass with great ease and little propulsive power over any kind of rough ground, rocky area, soft sand and bog, safely negotiating the very stiffest gradients and crossing ditches and gullies.

It was tested across the soft sand of one locality, drawing a six-ton field-gun, and succeeding in getting it up and down the hillsides about Aldershot, over deep water-courses, the banks of which were very steep. Then it was taken across a wide stretch of boggy ground, which was by far the severest test of all, the gun at times sinking in up to its axles.

The Lover Thinks of His Lady at Dusk

White moths, fluttering low in the shadows, like shadows of ghosts;
White daisies, swaying slow in the meadows, like faerie hosts;
Pale masses of laurel, like souls of poets, in white dreams held;
And a breeze like the sigh of a child, or an old man's mem'ries of eld;
And I, like a moth, like a shadow, a flower, a flutter of wind—
Pale, and asway, and silent, for the love in my heart enshrined.

Shaemas O'Sheel.

The Chameleon Spider

Every traveller that returns from tropical regions has extraordinary stories to tell of the strange mimicry of leaves and flowers by insects. Sometimes the purpose of the imitation seems to be concealment, and sometimes the laying of a snare to catch other insects. A curious instance of this was noticed on the Gold Coast of Africa by a member of a British scientific expedition when he stopped to examine a singular-looking white flower with a blue centre.

He found, to his astonishment, that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's web, and that the supposed light-blue heart of the flower was the spider itself lying in wait for its prey. The legs of the cunning spider, yellow mottled with brown, were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of the flower.

The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath.

When the scientist knocked the spider from its perch into a white gauze net his surprise was increased upon seeing his captive instantly turn from blue to white. Its former mimicry had been practised as a snare; now it was playing a similar game for the sake of concealment.

But the end of the performance was not yet reached. When the investigator shook his captive its body again changed color, becoming this time of a dull greenish-brown. Later he captured another larger specimen of the same species of spider, whose flower web resembled an orchid. This spider exhibited the same remarkable power of changing its color.

The Polite Letter-writer

Sometimes the formal correspondence of government secretaries is varied with a stroke of wit or an odd show of politeness. A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George III. It read, "His Gracious Majesty has been pleased to issue a new Commission, in which your name does not appear."

A sacristan of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote the King of Prussia this note:

"Sire: I acquaint Your Majesty, first, that there are wanting Books of Psalms for the royal family. I acquaint Your Majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint Your Majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

"Schmidt,
Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The reply of the King was as follows:

"I acquaint you, Herr Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

"Frederick."

The Trap-door Spider

How many times can a spider rebuild its web? This question seems to have been answered with reference to at least one species of spider, the trap-door spider.

These spiders are very plentiful in California. They construct their nests, consisting of a mammoth tube lined with silk of their own manufacture, in the ground in situations protected from the washing effects of rain. Then they cover the nests with a woven trap-door supplied with a hinge.

The upper surface of the door is made to resemble the surface of the ground. If any insect disturbs the door the owner instantly opens it, and if the disturber is not too large and strong, the spider seizes it and drags it into the den. If, on the contrary, the stranger is a formidable enemy, the spider claps the door to and holds it down with all its strength.

The result of many experiments, as reported by a naturalist of San Diego, shows that if the trap-door is destroyed the spider can reconstruct it just five times and no more; but each time there is evidence of a greater economy in the use of silk, and although the spider will attempt the renewal the sixth time, it invariably fails because its silk has been exhausted.

It would appear, however, that after the lapse of a considerable period, the spider acquires a fresh supply of the fluid from which it spins its web. Then it is able to resume the construction of silk-lined dens and trap-doors.